National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXI. NO. 42. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1861. WHOLE NO. 1,082.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,
AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
At its Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York
AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
107 *N. Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

SOUTHSIDE VIEW OF ABOLITIONISTS.

[Extracts from the Speech of Hon. Sherrard Clemens, of Virginia, in the United States House of Representatives, Jan. 22, 1861.]

BEFORE God, and in my inmost conscience, I believe that slavery will be crucified, if this unhappy controversy ends in a dismemberment of the Union. Sir, if not crucified, it will carry the death rattle in its throat.

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The Abolitionist revels in the madness of the hour. He sees the crack in the iceberg at last. For *him* the desert and the battle-field are both alike welcome. He kneels down in the desert with the camels, for a speck in the far distant horizon shows the simoon is coming. *He* looks into the future as into a dark cloud in the morning, when nothing sings but the early lark. Soon history, like the light of that eastern horizon, will curtain back that cloud, and paint in blood's ruddiest tints field and forest, hamlet and city, the very mountains, to their pine-crowned tops, and the great ocean itself, as an ensanguined flood, where brother contending with brother, shall find a nameless sepulchre!

No anaconda, with his filthy folds around the banyan tree, ever threw out the venomous tongue, and yearned with fiercer passion for the crushed bone and the pulpy flesh, than *he*, now expectant of his prey, yearns for the long postponed repast. Well may *he* cry that the day of jubilee has come. Well may *he* marshal his hosts to the last great war of sections and of races. Defeated, stigmatized, insulted, scoffed at, ostracized, gibbeted by his countrymen, he now gloats over the most fearful of all retributions. His deadliest foes hitherto in the South have now struck hands in a solemn league of kindred designs, and, with exultant tramp, stolidly march, adorned like a Roman ox with the garlands of sacrifice, to their eternal doom.

Sir, is it necessary to proclaim what *that* is? At this moment, when a sudden frenzy has struck blind the Southern people, it cannot even be realized; and I may be scoffed and hooted at with that perversity in ill which masses of men sometimes display who are intent on their own inevitable destruction. Sir, when I look at my country, its present desolate condition, and its possible fate, I am almost ready to close the quick accents of speech, and allow the heart to sink down voiceless in its despair! Listen to the words of William Lloyd Garrison, and tell me what answer you will give to them:

"At last the covenant with death is annulled and the agreement with hell broken, by the action of South Carolina herself, and ere long by all the slaveholding States, for their doom is one. Hail the approaching jubilee, ye millions who are wearing the galling chains of slavery, for assuredly the day of your redemption draws nigh, bringing liberty to you and salvation to the whole land."

Hear him again:

"Justice and liberty, God and man, demand the dissolution of this slaveholding Union, and the formation of a Northern confederacy, in which slaveholders will stand before the law as felons, and be treated as pirates."

Hear him again, in a voice so familiar that it sounds like one which ere while rung out from the portico of the Mills House, in Charleston:

"In all this, what State so prepared *to lead* as the old Bay State? She has already made it a penal offence to help to execute a law of the Union. *I want to see the officers of the State* brought in collision with those of the Union. Up, then! up with the flag of disunion! that we may have a free and glorious Union of our own! How stands Massachusetts at this hour in reference to the Union? Just where she ought to be, in an attitude of open hostility."

Sir, there is an old maxim that it is lawful and wise to learn from our enemies. There is another man in the North—Wendell Phillips—of great pertinacity of purpose, of a heart like a vase filled with fire, of vast powers of illustration and declamation; and to whom the passions of the multitude are as clay is in the hands of a cunning moulder. The senior Senator from New York (Mr. Seward) has an intellect of high culture, and his speeches are philosophical essays, modelled after the idealism and style of Burke; but his voice is harsh and guttural, and his spirit cold and impassive. Phillips is the man for the multitude. Seward for the closet. Since this session commenced he has had an opportunity to make himself immortal. Intrepidity of soul in a statesman carries with it the victories of peace, which the military chieftain gains in war. The panoply of political martyrdom, in this age, might have been a species of deification in the next. The accepted moment has passed; and I am fearful it will come to him never, never more. The dissolution of the Union dethrones the Republican party, disrobes it of power, and makes Garrison and Phillips, and their confederates, the absolute dictators of the North.

And what says Phillips?

"We are disunionists, not from any love of separate confederacies, or as ignorant of the thousand evils that spring from neighboring and quarrelsome States; but we would get rid of this Union, to get rid of slavery."

Hear him again. He used the following language:

"All hail, disunion! Sacrifice everything for the Union? God forbid! Sacrifice everything to keep South Carolina in it? Rather build a bridge of gold, and pay her toll over it. Let her march off with banners and trumpets, and we will speed the parting guest. Let her not stand upon the order of her going, but go at once. Give her the forts and arsenals and sub-treasuries, and lend her jewels of silver and gold, and Egypt will rejoice that she has departed."

We have, then, before us, these knights of a new crusade. The Constitution of the United States is the sanctified Jerusalem, against which their deluded cohorts are arrayed. They contend the only mode to overthrow slavery is to overthrow the Constitution. They refuse to take office under it, because it recognizes slavery. They will not take an oath to support it, because it protects slavery. They claim their allegiance is due to the State, and to the State alone. They are State Rights men of the straightest sect; and they wield the legislative power of the State for the extinction of slavery, as South Carolina professes to wield her's for the perpetuation of slavery.

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Mr. Speaker, there is a chapter in the past which our retiring confederates may do well to remember. In 1834, an English Abolitionist, by the name of George Thompson, was sent from Exeter Hall, in England, to enlighten the dead conscience of the American people. About that period, John A. Murrill, of Madison Co., Tenn., had, by means of a secret band, bound with signs and oaths, arranged for a general rising of the negroes on the 25th of December, 1835. Among other papers found, was the following epistle of love from the English emissary, dated March 18, 1834. It was addressed to Murrill:

"DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 4th has come to hand, and its contents have been carefully observed. I think you can count upon the aid you demand with tolerable certainty by the time you name. I approve of your arrangements, and can perceive abundant justification of your views. Could the blacks effect a general concert of action, and let loose the arm of destruction among their masters, and their property, so that the judgment of God might be visibly seen and felt, it would reach the flinty heart. We must reach the tyrant in another way. His interests must be affected before he will repent. We can prepare the feelings of most of the Northern and Eastern people by lecturing. The dissolution of the Union is the object to be kept steadily in view. War will result, and sacking and pillage and insurrection will follow. Their cities, with all the merchandise, may be destroyed, their banks plundered of specie, their paper discredited, so that thousands of Eastern capitalists would suffer great loss, and would henceforth consider a slave country an unsafe place to make investments. This state of affairs would naturally diminish the value of slave property, and disgust even the tyrant with the policy of slavery, while the whole country would be thus in a state of anarchy and poverty. Their banking institutions and credit sunk into disrepute, it would be an easy matter to effect the total abolition of slavery. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies."

Mr. Speaker, was this prophecy, and is it about to become a part of the history of this country?

Selections.

GERRIT SMITH ON THE PERSONAL LIBERTY LAW.

[Extracts from his argument before the Judiciary Committee of the New York Legislature, Feb. 6, 1861.]

NOT only in virtue of the letter of the Constitution—that letter which is clear of all slavery; not only in virtue of the spirit of liberty, which informs the Constitution; not only in the name of the Constitution, do I call on you to enact a statute which shall throw the strong protecting arms of our State around every slave who shall come within its jurisdiction—a statute which shall effectually forbid any person in this State from claiming any person in it as a slave; but I call on you in the name of justice also—that justice which is the one law of earth and heaven, of time and eternity, and with which the true religion is identical—to render this service to man and this honor to God. I scarcely need say that I do not mean, by this true religion, the superstitious and sham religion which infests every part of Christendom. I scarcely need say that I mean by it the religion of the Bible, of reason and of Jesus Christ—the religion, in other words, of doing as you would be done by. It is this religion which teaches us that no man can administer the law of slavery, and yet be honest. For what Legislature, or judge, or executive would not, were he so unfortunate as to be shut up in slavery, break out if he could, and that, too, though he might thereby be violating and dishonoring ten thousand statutes, verdicts, and Constitutions? In the name of such a religion is it that I call upon you to enact the Personal Liberty law, which so many thousands petition for. I often feel how vain it is to call on men in the name of this religion. I hope, however, that it is not so in the case of your Legislature. Few have this religion of doing as you would be done by—of doing as you (under the supposition that you are in your right mind) would have others do unto you. Yes, few have this, which is the whole of Christ's religion, and in which all his teachings are summed up. Many believe in it more or less earnestly. I am, myself, of their number. But only few have it. Of this few I long to be, strive to be, but often fear I never shall be.

Who have this religion? Not the Church members—for they, with comparatively few exceptions, would not bear with ministers who should preach and pray against returning the fugitive slave. Nevertheless, were they, in the sad changes of life, to become slaves, they would desire to have all the pulpits, aye, and all the people, on the side of every slave. Nor have the political parties this religion, for they all resolve in favor of returning fugitive slaves. Yet, should any of these parties fall under the yoke of slavery, they would desire all political parties to stand forth for the slave. I fear that even my old friend, Gov. Seward, the great favorite of his party, has not this religion. Indeed, he seems to be even further than myself from having it. For I wish the three doors to be kept open to the slave—the door by which he might run away, the door of deliverance by national action, and the door of deliverance by State action. But the first of these doors the Governor would in effect have closed, inasmuch as he would remove impediments (such are Personal Liberty laws) out of the way of returning the slave who had escaped by this door. I do not forget that it is only unconstitutional Personal Liberty laws that he would have repealed. Nor do I forget that, were he a slave, he would have every law stand, whether constitutional or unconstitutional, which might favor his escape; and that he would have even the Constitution, aye, and the Bible too, cast aside, if politicians and priests were using them to hinder his escape. Hence, whether the Personal Liberty laws, in his eye, are or are not constitutional, does in no wise affect the argument which I am making at this point. As I have already said, "Against the slave there is no law." I add, that what is for him is law. All Personal Liberty laws, so far as they are for him, are law. Thank God, the day hastens on when he will no longer be called a statesman who outrages his brother and shrivels his own soul by recognizing slavery as law; and when he, and he only, will be counted worthy of the name, who, amidst all the conspiracies in both Church and State against human nature, doth, Jesus like, bravely vindicate its claims in the person of the poorest, and doth, Jesus like, generously identify himself with the most loathed and hated outcasts. As to the second of these doors, that by which the nation could deliver the slave, Gov. Seward proposes to have it barred and bolted anew, and so strongly as to forbid and frown down every proposition to open it. Nevertheless, were the Governor himself to become a slave, he would want as many doors as possible cut in the sides of his prison; and he would count that man his worst enemy, who should propose to shut up any one of them, even the smallest, or that which would be as unlikely to be opened, as in his judgment is the Southern slave's door of national deliverance. Therefore even Gov. Seward himself cannot have this religion of doing as he would be done by.

I have spoken plainly, especially so of the Churches and parties; and I am not unmindful that, with many, the force of what has been spoken will be neutralized by the fact that he who spoke it is an Abolitionist. It is true that I am an Abolitionist. I cannot deny it. I wish not to deny it. I am not ashamed of it. As it lies in my mind, one must be an Abolitionist in order to be emphatically a man. To recall men to their deserted manhood is the sole ministry of Christianity, and this she accomplishes in no wise so much as in prompting them to vindicate the insulted manhood of others. Nothing goes so far to nourish and invigorate the manliness of our own bosoms as our generous and self-sacrificing resistance to the policies and efforts for crushing out the manhood of our brethren. Never was it so needful as now for an American to prove himself a man, and never was it so difficult as now, tempted as he is on the one hand by the abundance of Southern menace, and on the other by the influential examples of Northern servility and apostacy, to sink his manhood. Never before was he in circumstances to reflect so much honor upon his Maker by pursuing a manly course, and never before could he, by such a course, do so much toward delivering the oppressed and lifting up the fallen. Never before did his own safety and his own exemption from loss make it so necessary for his soul to be unselfish and noble. In the midst of our country's commotions and mutations, how indispensable to maintain a high manhood, and to be therefore subjects of that kingdom which can never be moved—surrounded by Divine strength, even "as the mountains are round about Jerusalem"! We know not how multiform a ruin may be awaiting our country—ruin, it may be, of her riches and renown, her patriotism and her people. But we do know that, if the Republic shall, even quite perish, he who passes through her trials and perils, and comes out a man, will be able to stand upon her ashes, and exultingly exclaim: "I am safe. I have lost nothing. Through God's help, I have preserved my manhood, and that is to preserve my all."

Whatever concessions may be due from the North to the South—whatever modifications of the government—nothing of all this is to be made, no, nor a hair's breadth of all this so much as acknowledged, until the South shall have relinquished her menacing attitude, and returned to her allegiance. I must not pay my creditor whilst his fist is in my face. Righteous as may be his claim, the claim of my self-respect is a prior one. For our government to yield to its subjects whilst they are in a state of revolt would be to cheapen itself beyond all possible recovery of its honor and power; would be to part with its *prestige* beyond all possible recall of it; would be to make itself contemptible in the eyes of all its worthy subjects; would be to make itself the jest of every monarch, and the scorn and ridicule of the world; would be, in a word, to demoralize and destroy itself. Whilst the South maintains her insolent and defiant attitude, our government cannot, but at the risk of utterly perishing, make any peace offering to her, or so much as entertain any propositions of peace from her. To talk of "reconstructing" our government after it shall, in the present circumstances, have made, or however faintly promised to make, any, however small, concessions, is as absurd as for a woman to encourage herself to throw away her virtue in the hope that she can afterward reconstruct another and a better character. The reconstruction of the government would be as impossible as the resurrection of a dead body—of any other dead body.

I spoke of my faith in compromises, and of my readiness for concessions. If our Southern brethren are oppressed by the Tariff, then let it be so changed that it shall no longer oppress them. If they will consent to emancipate their slaves, then let the North share with them in the present loss of emancipation. For the North, as well as the South, is responsible for slavery. The North has in various ways encouraged Southern men to invest capital in human flesh. Her Church people have countenanced slavery, and her merchants and politicians have sought gain from it. There is a joint responsibility for the crime, and the expense of putting it away should be joint. Let all this, and whatever else justice and generosity may call for at the hands of the North, pass freely into the compromise which the North shall be willing to make with the South, and let the South reciprocate the justice and generosity.

Thus you see that I am in favor of a compromise with the South. But you also see that mine is the honest and righteous kind of compromise, which makes the parties to it bear the expense of it. The compromises proposed by the politicians (I do not like to call them statesmen) are dishonest and wicked, because they are between the white men of the country at the expense of the black men of the country. A man says: "I honestly believe that I owe you but ten dollars." The answer is: "I honestly believe that you owe me thirty. Let us, therefore, each yield ten dollars, and call the debt twenty." "Agreed," is the rejoinder. This is well. Every such manifestation of respect for each other's judgment, sincerity, and interest is beautiful, and honors human nature. But if, instead of stopping here, the parties to this compromise had said: "Now let us complete this compromise in which we have each lost ten dollars, by going out and stealing twenty to make ourselves whole," then would our admiration be turned into abhorrence. Nevertheless, this is the kind of compromise proposed between the white men of the North and the white men of the South—a compromise at the sole expense of another party—at the sole expense of the innocent black men.

Poor black men! All the deeper will be your sorrows when the North and the South shall come together again, light-hearted, loving and joyful, in another and ungodly compromise. "And the king and Haman sat down to drink—but the city Shushan was perplexed." Alas for our city Shushan, if still more perplexities are in store for her troubled spirits and bleeding hearts! Will neither North nor South ever have done with torturing and murdering her? It is a cheap thing (though in the end it may be found very dear), for quarrelling parties to make peace at the expense of an innocent party. Herod and Pilate made peace at the expense of Christ. Governor Seward and others would make peace between the oppressors at the expense of the slave. God's way to make it is to "break off thy sins by righteousness, and thine iniquities by showing mercy to the poor; if it may be a lengthening of thy tranquillity." God's peacemaking voice to this guilty nation is: "Let my people go." "Let my people go." This was his voice to an ancient nation. It refused to give heed, and perished, as will this nation also if it shall refuse to be warned. Our great men are working their wits to devise a salvation for our crumbling national edifice. The divine prescription, "Let my people go," is, however, its only possible salvation. In other words, repentance is our only remedy. I said that Gov. Seward and others would make peace at the expense of the slave. They would make it by heaping up fresh cruelties and outrages upon him. They would make it by making his prison tighter, and the return of the fugitive from it surer. The wickedness of such a peace kindles all my abhorrence; its meanness, all my disgust. "Rob not the poor because he is poor," is a solemn command of the precious Bible; and emphatically is the present a case where the poor is robbed because his helpless poverty gives impunity to the robbery.

My speech is done. Old age is upon me. Sickness has often hushed my voice. I may never again be allowed to lift it up in this hall, where for more than thirty years it has occasionally been heard in behalf of various causes of righteousness. And if I am now to speak the last words I shall be allowed to speak here, what better can I do than exclaim: "Let my sicknesses be multiplied. Let me, as I have repeatedly done, go down to the gates of death. Let my brain again sink so low that I shall not know one friend from another. Let me suffer every anguish of body and every anguish of spirit. Let me become, if it is possible, even more than ever the public laughing stock, because of my fanaticism, which prefers truth to numbers and the right to popularity. Let all this come upon me. But let me never be guilty of seeking to adjust a claim or compromise a strife between my fellow-man and myself at the expense of a third person, and especially an innocent third person. But let me never be guilty of favoring a compromise between two peoples at the expense of robbing another and an innocent people, and that, too, a people whom they had always robbed. But let me never be guilty of favoring the plan to reunite two peoples by recrushing and more thoroughly crushing a poor people whom they had always been crushing. But let me never be left to approve the taking of the heart's blood of the innocents to cement the broken friendship of their enemies. From such superlative wickedness, from such ineffable meanness, from such stupendous hypocrisy, may God preserve me."

GERRIT SMITH AT TORONTO.

[Having read with deep interest the address lately delivered at Toronto, upon the Anderson rendition case, by GERRIT SMITH, we felt a strong desire to present our readers with copious extracts; but we can only make room for the following.]

YOU must not send Anderson back to slavery—back to be burned. If you do, all Christendom will execrate what to all Christendom will appear to be a monstrous and gratuitous cruelty. In vain will you try to take shelter under the plea that the Ashburton treaty laid you under a promise to send him back. Others will not see that promise: and if they should, they will indignantly ask you, "Why, then, in the name of earth and heaven, did you not break it?" There are promises which it is infinitely better to break than to keep. Infinitely better had it been for Herod to break his promise than to kill John. And infinitely better would it be for you, were you laid under a promise to burn Anderson, to break it than to burn him.

Just here let me say two things. First, Every nation under the heavens is bound to God and man to be an asylum for the oppressed. Second, If the interpretation put upon the Ashburton treaty by your Court of Queen's Bench shall pass into law, then no fugitive slaves in your Province will be safe. It is true that but few of them might be called for as murderers, but all of them might be called for as robbers; and if as slender and as uncertain testimony as that upon which Anderson was committed would suffice for their commitment, it could easily be furnished by this or that villain. I need not repeat that if the treaty imposes an obligation to return the man charged with murder, it imposes the same to return him who is charged with robbery.

I have made a free use on this occasion of the language of exhortation and remonstrance. But it would grieve me greatly should you construe it to imply the least delinquency on your part. Never have a people aroused themselves more promptly, generously and enthusiastically at the cry of deep wrong than have the slavery-hating and freedom-loving people of this Province in the present case. Continue, faithful friends, your noble efforts for Anderson's release. The world will honor you for them. But remember that it will also hold you responsible for their success. For it will believe that your courts and rulers cannot resist the floods of love and light which the great popular heart and understanding are capable of pouring out in behalf of human distress. Pardon me, that whilst I speak your praises I also remind you of your responsibilities.

Nor can I take my seat without having asked you to help with all your moral influence the cause of human rights in my own country. Its friends are waging a long and hard battle with its enemies. The influence of Great Britain in behalf of that cause has hitherto been great. Let it not be turned against it now. The precious and powerful effect of her example in abolishing her slavery at the cost of twenty millions sterling, and of her example in expending so many millions in the merciful work of suppressing the slave trade, cannot be overrated. But for the quickening influences of this example, France, Holland, Denmark, Russia, and my own country had not improbably been still asleep over the sin of slavery.

I said, let not the influence of Great Britain be now turned against the cause of human rights in my country. But it will be, if she recognizes slave law. It will be, if she joins our pro-slavery men in giving a pro-slavery construction to our Constitution. But if she shall at this crisis boldly declare not only that our Constitution is against slavery, but that this matchless crime against human and divine rights is utterly incapable of legalization either in America or any other part of the world, then will the influence of her wisdom and learning, her national power and grandeur, be mighty on the right side in my country. I said, at this crisis. For I would have you know that the present is emphatically our time of fear and hope. We are now in our last struggle with the Slave Power. A very few years more, and that power will be either supreme over every part of the nation, or expelled from every part of it. Help us now, then. Help us heartily. And we will bless you; and all the ages of our posterity will bless you; and Heaven will bless you.

THE DISCHARGE OF ANDERSON.

From The Toronto Globe.

ON Saturday (Feb. 16) at noon, Anderson was brought before the Judges of the Common Pleas, and discharged from custody on the ground of informality in the warrant on which he was committed to Brantford jail. We publish elsewhere a full report of the decisions of the Judges, from which it will be seen that the discharge has been ordered on two distinct grounds. *First*, the warrant of commitment recites that Anderson stands charged, for that he did "wilfully, maliciously, and feloniously, stab and kill one Seneca T. P. Digges, of Howard County," *which might only amount to manslaughter*; whereas, the Judges decide, that to come within the provisions of the treaty, the charge must be one of "MURDER." *Second*, the warrant commits Anderson to the jail of Brantford "until he shall be discharged according to law"; whereas, the Judges decide, he should have been committed "*until surrender be made*, or until he shall be discharged according to law."

We heartily congratulate the people of Canada on the narrow escape we have thus made from what would have been a deep and indelible stain on the fair fame of our country! For ourselves, we deeply regret that Anderson's discharge has not been ordered on broader and nobler grounds; but at least we can all heartily rejoice that the poor fugitive to our shores, who dared to strike a freeman's blow for liberty, will not be surrendered by Canadian hands to be burnt at the stake by exulting traffickers in human blood!

Anderson is now among his friends—but he is still liable to rearrest on documents prepared more carefully than the last. The danger, however, is by no means what it was. It is to be hoped that no second Mathews is to be found in the Magistracy of Canada—and if, unhappily, there was another such, good care will, we fancy, be taken that Anderson shall not be found until the intent and meaning of the Extradition treaty in regard to slaves has been authoritatively determined.

By the discharge of Anderson, the writ of *habeas corpus*, issued by the Court of Queen's Bench of England has been rendered unnecessary and inoperative. Anderson is no longer in the custody of any of the parties to whom the writ was directed, and therefore they cannot carry him to England. Morever, the parties who applied for the intervention of the English Court have obtained the immediate end they sought by the discharge of the prisoner. We confess that we are glad that this is so. We entirely sympathize with the feeling which induced the application for and the granting of the writ. The peculiarity of this case of Anderson would have justified a great stretch of authority that tended to save the unfortunate man from the vengeance of his enemies. But it would be neither convenient nor consistent with the independence of the Canadian people that English Judges should have the power to ignore our Courts and issue their writs to our sheriffs and jailers as if we had no Provincial Judges. We presume the legality of the proceeding, in the view of an English lawyer, is not doubtful—but assuredly it is not in harmony with the right of self-government claimed by Canada, and fully conceded to her.

All the proceedings connected with Anderson's case show clearly that there is an urgent necessity, not only for an immediate explanation between the British and American governments, as to the applicability of the Extradition treaty to fugitives from slavery, but also for a revisal of the Canadian statutes giving effect to the treaty. It will be seen from Chief Justice Draper's decision, that a doubt is expressed whether the Court has any power to look into the depositions on which a prisoner is demanded under the treaty—whether it has any authority at all to examine the evidence so as to judge if it sustain the charge preferred? It is unnecessary to argue whether Mr. Draper is right or wrong in this view; if a doubt exists on such a point it should be settled at once. Not one of the thousands of fugitives who have sought refuge in our country would be safe for a week were this affirmed to be the law. The slave-hunter would be on the track of his victims, and affidavits of murder, perjury, arson, or anything else, concocted by the hundred, the moment it was ascertained that the facts alleged could not be inquired into, but the oath of the slave-catcher held as final. We trust the friends of freedom in Great Britain will press this matter at once on the attention of the home government. The amendment of the Canadian statute will unquestionably be demanded immediately on the assembling of Parliament.

Apart from the great principles at stake in this case, we confess to a feeling of no ordinary gratification at the manner in which it has terminated. But for the firm and prompt intervention of the press, it is certain that Anderson would have been given up to the slaveholders and Canada disgraced forever. We can afford now to recall with contempt the abuse poured upon us, because, forsooth, we dared to call in question the propriety of Chief Justice Robinson's decision. The course we took has not only been thoroughly sustained by public opinion in our own country and in Great Britain, but the continued discussion of the case has secured Anderson's discharge by Chief Justice Robinson's brother judges. Nay, the very case—the Besset case—on which Mr. Draper mainly rests his decision, was first brought into the discussion through the columns of *The Globe*.

THE ABOLITIONISTS.

Extract from a Sermon by Rev. NATHANIEL HALL, of Dorchester, Mass.

TRUTH, freedom, right, have always had their martyrs—always needed them. It may be they need them now. Not the martyrs merely (for these are always) who are such by slowly wasting labors and endurances, but those also who shall seal their testimony with their blood. I believe there are multitudes ready for this; that, with all the reputed and actual worldliness and materialism of the age, there would come forth thousands from the bosom of this community, to lay down, if need were, their lives, for that which is dearer to them than life. Those men and women whom you hunt so, in the interest of slavery; whose lips you attempt to shut, whether by the hands of ruffian violence or the pressure of public sentiment—do you think *they* are not ready to sacrifice for the principles to which conviction and feeling have been clinging the closer, year after year, until they are a part of their very being; which have become dearer by the sacrifices they have already endured for them, and which you have made dearer than ever by this latest outrage: do you think they are not ready, many of them, to sacrifice whatever may be the future cost of an unswerving fidelity, though that cost were life? That one* among them who sits to-day in his sick chamber, worn and feeble by the toils and endurances of more than thirty years for the cause of the bondman; who has given his noble manhood in a single-hearted devotion to it—never a truer martyr-spirit went up in flame, or soared from rack or dungeon, in all the ages, than lives and burns, as I believe, in him. He is not alone, though foremost.

Friends, I desire, in this connection, to speak as I feel (all the more now, because they are under the ban of public odium and the heel of lawless power) of this class of persons called Abolitionists. My testimony may be worth little to you; but it will be worth something to myself to have given it. It is common in almost all circles and spheres, not only in political speeches but in pulpit discourses (I have been led to note of late how common it is), to style them "fanatics," "madmen," "insane," as if to signify, by these opprobrious epithets, that they are without claim to a respectful consideration. Will it be said that opprobrious epithets are not all on one side? Allowed. It is poor business, whoever bandies them. It is poor business, too, to stand aloof from a righteous enterprise, and criticize, in a spirit of prejudice and distrust, the works and words of its earnest and honest toilers, and let what is judged censurable in these shut from view the great underlying principles of the movement, and the consistent and uncompromising fealty to them of its followers; allowing nothing to the fervors of a zeal which, if it be fanatical, is so on the side of freedom and humanity. Let any one, of fair mind, give himself for a few months only, as they have done for years, to a contemplation of slavery, in all its aspects and details, its inhumanities and wrongs, and I think their zeal would bear to him a different aspect; that he would forgive, if he did not respect it. "Fanatics!" would to God all were such in an unflinching and all-consuming loyalty to the cause of freedom and humanity, instead of being so coldly and selfishly indif-

* Garrison.

Another neighbor was a Mrs. Wade. At no hour of the day was there cessation of the lash on her premises. Her labors began with the dawn, and did not cease till long after nightfall. The barn was her particular place of torture. There she lashed the slaves with the might of a man. An old slave of her's once said to me, "It is hell in missis's house. 'Pears I can never get out. Day and night I prays to die."

The mistress died before the old woman, and, when dying, entreated her husband not to permit any one of her slaves to look on her after death. A slave who had nursed her children, and had still a child in her care, watched her chance, and stole with it in her arms to the room where lay her dead mistress. She gazed awhile on her, then raised her hand and dealt two blows on her face, saying, as she did so, "The devil is got you *now!*" She forgot that the child was looking on. She had just begun to talk; and she said to her father, "I did see ma, and mammy did strike ma, so," striking her own face with her little hand. The master was startled. He could not imagine how the nurse could obtain access to the room where the corpse lay; for he kept the door locked. He questioned her. She confessed that what the child had said was true, and told how she had procured the key. She was sold to Georgia.

In my childhood I knew a valuable slave, named Charity, and loved her, as all children did. Her young mistress married, and took her to Louisiana. Her little boy, James, was sold to a good sort of master. He became involved in debt, and James was sold again to a wealthy slaveholder, noted for his cruelty. With this man he grew up to manhood, receiving the treatment of a dog. After a severe whipping, to save himself from further infliction of the lash, with which he was threatened, he took to the woods. He was in a most miserable condition—cut by the cowskin, half naked, half starved, and without the means of procuring a crust of bread.

Some weeks after his escape, he was captured, tied, and carried back to his master's plantation. This man considered punishment in his jail, on bread and water, after receiving hundreds of lashes, too mild for the poor slave's offence. Therefore he decided, after the overseer should have whipped him to his satisfaction, to have him placed between the screws of the cotton gin, to stay as long as he had been in the woods. This wretched creature was cut with the whip from his head to his feet, then washed with strong brine, to prevent the flesh from mortifying, and make it heal sooner than it otherwise would. He was then put into the cotton gin, which was screwed down, only allowing him room to turn on his side when he could not lie on his back. Every morning a slave was sent with a piece of bread and bowl of water, which were placed within reach of the poor fellow. The slave was charged, under penalty of severe punishment, not to speak to him.

Four days passed, and the slave continued to carry the bread and water. On the second morning, he found the bread gone, but the water untouched. When he had been in the press four days and five nights, the slave informed his master that the water had not been used for four mornings, and that a horrible stench came from the gin house. The overseer was sent to examine into it. When the press was unscrewed, the dead body was found partly eaten by rats and vermin. Perhaps the rats that devoured his bread had gnawed him before life was extinct. Poor Charity! Grandmother and I often asked each other how her affectionate heart would bear the news, if she should ever hear of the murder of her son. We had known her husband, and knew that James was like him in manliness and intelligence. These were the qualities that made it so hard for him to be a plantation slave. They put him into a rough box, and buried him with less feeling than would have been manifested for an old house dog. Nobody asked any questions. He was a slave; and the feeling was that the master had a right to do what he pleased with his own property. And what did *he* care for the value of a slave? He had hundreds of them. When they had finished their daily toil, they must hurry to eat their little morsels, and be ready to extinguish their pine knots before nine o'clock, when the overseer went his patrol rounds. He entered every cabin, to see that men and their wives had gone to bed together, lest the men, from over fatigue, should fall asleep in the chimney corner, and remain there till the morning horn called them to their daily task. Women are considered of no value, unless they continually increase their owner's stock. They are put on a par with animals. This same master shot a woman through the head, who had run away and been brought back to him. No one called him to account for it. If a slave resisted being whipped, the bloodhounds were unpacked, and set upon him, to tear his flesh from his bones. The master who did these things was highly educated, and styled a perfect gentleman. He also boasted the name and standing of a Christian, though Satan never had a truer follower.

I could tell of more slaveholders as cruel as those I have described. They are not exceptions to the general rule. I do not say there are no humane slaveholders. Such characters do exist, notwithstanding the hardening influences around them. But they are "like angels' visits—few and far between."

I knew a young lady who was one of these rare specimens. She was an orphan, and inherited as slaves a woman and her six children. Their father was a free man. They had a comfortable home of their own, parents and children living together. The mother and eldest daughter served their mistress during the day, and at night returned to their dwelling, which was on the premises. The young lady was very pious, and there was some reality in her religion. She taught her slaves to lead pure lives, and wished them to enjoy the fruit of their own industry. *Her* religion was not a garb put on for Sunday, and laid aside till Sunday returned again. The eldest daughter of the slave mother was promised in marriage to a free man; and the day before the wedding this good mistress emancipated her, in order that her marriage might have the sanction of *law*.

Report said that this young lady cherished an unrequited affection for a man who had resolved to marry for wealth. In the course of time a rich uncle of hers died. He left six thousand dollars to his two sons by a colored woman, and the remainder of his property to this orphan niece. The metal soon attracted the magnet. The lady and her weighty purse became his. She offered to manumit her slaves—telling them that her marriage might make unexpected changes in their destiny, and she wished to insure their happiness. They refused to take their freedom, saying that she had always been their best friend, and they could not be so happy anywhere as with her. I was not surprised. I had often seen them in their comfortable home, and thought that the whole town did not contain a happier family. They had never felt slavery; and, when it was too late, they were convinced of its reality.

When the new master claimed this family as his property, the father became furious, and went to his mistress for protection. "I can do nothing for you now, Harry," said she. "I no longer have the power I had a week ago. I have succeeded in obtaining the freedom of your wife; but I cannot obtain it for your children." The unhappy father swore that nobody should take his children from him. He concealed them in the woods for some days; but they were discovered and taken. The father was put in jail, and the two oldest boys sold to Georgia. One little girl, too young to be of service to her master, was left with the wretched mother. The other three were carried to their master's plantation. The eldest soon became a mother; and, when the slaveholder's wife looked at the babe, she wept bitterly. She knew that her own husband had violated the purity she had so carefully inculcated. She had a second child by her master, and then he sold her and his offspring to his brother. She bore two children to the brother, and was sold again. The next sister went crazy. The life she was compelled to lead drove her mad. The third one became the mother of five daughters. Before the birth of the fourth, the pious mistress died. To the last, she rendered every kindness to the slaves that her unfortunate circumstances permitted. She passed away peacefully, glad to close her eyes on a life which had been made so wretched by the man she loved.

This man squandered the fortune he had received, and sought to retrieve his affairs by a second marriage; but, having retired after a night of drunken debauch, he was found dead in the morning. He was called a good master; for he fed and clothed his slaves better than most masters, and the lash was not heard on his plantation so frequently as on many others. Had it not been for slavery, he would have been a better man, and his wife a happier woman.

No pen can give an adequate description of the all-pervading corruption produced by slavery. The slave girl is reared in an atmosphere of licentiousnesss and fear. The lash and the foul talk of her master and his sons are her teachers. When she is fourteen or fifteen, her owner, or his sons, or the overseer, or perhaps all of them, begin to bribe her with presents. If

SKETCHES OF SLAVEHOLDERS.

A chapter from 'Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl," edited by L. MARIA CHILD.

THERE was a planter in the country, not far from us, whom I will call Mr. Litch. He was an ill-bred, uneducated man, but very wealthy. He had six hundred slaves, many of whom he did not know by sight. His extensive plantation was managed by well-paid overseers. There was a jail and a whipping post on his grounds; and whatever cruelties were perpetrated there, they passed without comment. He was so effectually screened by his great wealth that he was called to no account for his crimes, not even for murder.

Various were the punishments resorted to. A favorite one was to tie a rope round a man's body, and suspend him from the ground. A fire was kindled over him, from which was suspended a piece of fat pork. As this cooked, the scalding drops of fat continually fell on the bare flesh. On his own plantation, he required very strict obedience to the eighth commandment. But depredations on the neighbors were allowable, provided the culprit managed to evade detection or suspicion. If a neighbor brought a charge of theft against any of his slaves, he was browbeaten by the master, who assured him that his slaves had enough of everything at home, and had no inducement to steal. No sooner was the neighbor's back turned, than the accused was sought out, and whipped for his lack of discretion. If a slave stole from him even a pound of meat or a peck of corn, if detection followed, he was put in chains and imprisoned, and so kept till his form was attenuated by hunger and suffering.

A freshet once bore his wine cellar and meat house miles away from the plantation. Some slaves followed, and secured bits of meat and bottles of wine. Two were detected; a ham and some liquor being found in their huts. They were summoned by their master. No words were used, but a club felled them to the ground. A rough box was their coffin, and their interment was a dog's burial. Nothing was said.

Murder was so common on his plantation that he feared to be alone after nightfall. He might have believed in ghosts.

His brother, if not equal in wealth, was at least equal in cruelty. His bloodhounds were well trained. Their pen was spacious, and a terror to the slaves. They were let loose on a runaway, and, if they tracked him, they literally tore the flesh from his bones. When this slaveholder died, his shrieks and groans were so frightful that they appalled his own friends. His last words were, "I am going to hell; bury my money with me."

After death his eyes remained open. To press the lids down, silver dollars were laid on them. These were buried with him. From this circumstance, a rumor went abroad that his coffin was filled with money. Three times his grave was opened, and his coffin taken out. The last time, his body was found on the ground, and a flock of buzzards were pecking at it. He was again interred, and a sentinel set over his grave. The perpetrators were never discovered.

Cruelty is contagious in uncivilized communities. Mr. Conant, a neighbor of Mr. Litch, returned from town one evening in a partial state of intoxication. His body servant gave him some offence. He was divested of his clothes, except his shirt, whipped, and tied to a large tree in front of the house. It was a stormy night in winter. The wind blew bitterly cold

hese fail to accomplish their purpose, she is whipped or starved into submission to their will. She may have had religious principles inculcated by some pious mother or grandmother, or some good mistress; she may have a lover, whose good opinion and peace of mind are dear to her heart; or the profligate men who have power over her may be exceedingly odious to her. But resistance is hopeless.

"The poor worm
Shall prove her contest vain. Life's little day
Shall pass, and she is gone!"

The slaveholder's sons are, of course, vitiated, even while boys, by the unclean influences everywhere around them. Nor do the master's daughters always escape. Severe retributions sometimes come upon him for the wrongs he does to the daughters of the slaves. The white daughters early hear their parents quarrelling about some female slave. Their curiosity is excited, and they soon learn the cause. They are attended by the young slave girls whom their father has corrupted; and they hear such talk as should never meet youthful ears, or any other ears. They know that the women slaves are subject to their father's authority in all things; and in some cases they exercise the same authority over the men slaves. I have myself seen the master of such a household whose head was bowed down in shame; for it was, known in the neighborhood that his daughter had selected one of the meanest slaves on his plantation to be the father of his first grandchild. She did not make her advances to her equals, nor even to her father's more intelligent servants. She selected the most brutalized, over whom her authority could be exercised with less fear of exposure. Her father, half frantic with rage, sought to revenge himself on the offending black man; but his daughter, foreseeing the storm that would arise, had given him free papers, and sent him out of the State.

In such cases the infant is smothered, or sent where it is never seen by any who know its history. But if the white parent is the *father*, instead of the mother, the offspring are unblushingly reared for the market. If they are girls, I have indicated plainly enough what will be their inevitable destiny.

You may believe what I say; for I write only that whereof I know. I was twenty-one years in that cage of obscene birds. I can testify, from my own experience and observation, that slavery is a curse to the whites as well as to the blacks. It makes the white fathers cruel and sensual; the sons violent and licentious; it contaminates the daughters, and makes the wives wretched. And as for the colored race, it needs an abler pen than mine to describe the extremity of their sufferings, the depth of their degradation.

Yet few slaveholders seem to be aware of the widespread moral ruin occasioned by this wicked system. Their talk is of blighted cotton crops—not of the blight on their children's souls.

If you want to be fully convinced of the abominations of slavery, go on a Southern plantation, and call yourself a negro trader. Then there will be no concealment; and you will see and hear things that will seem to you impossible among human beings with immortal souls.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1861.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

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DISUNION PAST COMPROMISE.

IT has been always the crowning felicity of the Anti-Slavery movement that nothing could impede its progress; but that, contrariwise, everything helped it forward. This must be, in the nature of things, with the promulgation of every true Reform, and always has been. It was nursed into youthful strength by the mobs which rocked its cradle and hoped to strangle it there. It has seen every attempt upon its life only increase its strength and multiply its vitality. Its power has been witnessed unto by every successive struggle of slavery for the mastery—even when that struggle has been crowned with apparent success. Of all classes of men, the Abolitionists have remained calm, serene and cheerful in the darkest hours of their history, knowing that the coming of the day could not be retarded by any desperation of their antagonists.

"Fond impious men! deemed ye yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by your breath, had quenched the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray."

At no time in their history have they had more abundant reason for satisfaction as to the past and for hope as to the future, than they have now. The wrath of man is combining with the Providence of God to hasten forward the day of the slave's deliverance. The very fanatic fury with which the Doubting Castle of our Giant Despair is barricaded and garrisoned, and the fierce faces and fiery arms that threaten us from its battlements only prove how sure is the presentiment that pervades it that its downfall is at hand. The rallying anew of the Northern mobs, always the surest allies of that cruel monster, shows us that our blows have told, that our battering rams are making practicable breaches, and that the forces we are training for the service are felt to be sufficient for the work of his destruction. The process of the whole campaign has been exactly according to the plan we had laid out beforehand, only its success has outstripped our most sanguine expectations. And now we can well watch with patience the progress of the events we have set on foot, undisturbed by the clamors or the menaces that attend their triumphant march onwards. We announced thirty years ago that slavery must be the absorbing interest of the politics and the religion of the nation, and we have compelled a reluctant State and a stiffnecked Church to acknowledge that we were right. We affirmed, fifteen years ago, that the only exodus of the American slave was over the ruins of the American Union and the American Constitution. And already we behold those strongholds of slavery shattered and the captives within their walls feeling with instinctive joy that the way of their escape is opening to them.

Not that we regard the labors of the Abolitionists as at an end, or the deliverance of the slaves as accomplished. The truths for which they strive are not yet fully received of men, and they believe still, as they did when they enlisted in it, that

"Their warfare only ends with life."

But they see daily more and more reason for believing that their labors have hastened the victory that is to round the warfare, and that there may be those among them who may live to wear the wreaths of the victory. An abuse like that of American slavery, intertwined as it is with every civil and ecclesiastical institution of the land, and twisting its ramifications about almost every heart, is perhaps the hardest of any that ever was, to eradicate. An omnipotence like that of Parliament, a despotism like that of Alexander II., can grapple with it, with comparative ease, and yet how many years elapsed and how many attempts were baffled, before even that omnipotence and that despotism could accomplish the beneficent revolutions they had undertaken? The foundations of our slavery were laid deep in the material interests (as they falsely esteemed them) of the people of the free as well as of the slave States, and were cemented by sectarian fellowship and political partisanship. The eyes of the people were blinded by selfishness and bigotry to their own best interests, as well as to their highest moral duties, and it was the mission of Abolitionism to purge them as with euphrasy and rue. And though they do not yet see as they are seen, yet they begin to discern men as trees walking, and are groping about in the twilight of their imperfect vision after the truth, if haply they can find it.

The first proof of a successful struggle towards a normal moral condition was shown in the resistance to the Annexation of Texas. This compelled the Mexican war, the Compromise bills and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Then the Northern people were strengthened up to the point of the wholesome Fremont campaign. Defeated in that, they have grown in grace so far as to elect Abraham Lincoln by Northern votes alone, and by all the Northern votes save three, and they cast for a Northern man. This was far enough from being meant as an Anti-Slavery triumph, in any fulness of the terms, by the leaders of the masses that won it. But it was seen by the slaveholders to be nothing less. It was in vain for Republican leaders to protest till they were black in the face that it had no such meaning. It is in vain that they now profess their willingness to sacrifice even the faint leaven of anti-slavery that alone kept their movement sweet, and to throw it all as a sop to the slaveholding Cerberus, if he will only not bar their way to the Elysian Fields of office. The Rhetts and Hilliards knew better. They knew the stuff that political leaders are made of, and doubtless never doubted that they could mould Mr. Seward and his like to what shape best pleased them. But they saw behind Mr. Seward and Mr. Adams a great multitude, which they knew must be growing greater and greater every day, who did believe that they were doing an anti-slavery work, that they were hastening the deliverance of the American slaves, when they cast their votes for Abraham Lincoln. They knew just how far the power of political leaders can go in controlling popular opinions, and they had no faith in the power of any Republican Canute to stay the flowing of the tide of the human heart by their bidding.

And, accordingly, they dissolved their Union with the North, and dissolved the old Union of the States forever. This we say advisedly, though we think it not unlikely that some philtre may be concocted in the abhorred cauldron of compromise that may bring the loathing mates who have once parted into an unnatural conjunction again. But it can never more be a Union. Even the Border States cannot be saved except on condition that the sovereignty of the Union is abjured, its arms laid down, its rebels left unmolested, and its dignity and outraged rights unvindicated. Of course, there can never again be a Union of "We, the People"; it will only be a coalition of "We, the States." The precedent is established that any State can at any moment withdraw from the partnership, laying hold of whatever public property she can put her hands on. There can be no more Government, for there is to be no more Treason. And that is no government, but an organized anarchy, which can be broken up at pleasure, and without resistance, by any of its parts. The Union is then really dissolved, though its empty form may be made to survive awhile longer. Notwithstanding all the apparent reaction, confined almost exclusively to men who resisted the *action* to the uttermost, the abhorrence of slavery will grow stronger and stronger in the Northern mind, and all the more bitter for the ignominious humiliation the North must be made to undergo as the price of pardon for having been victorious, and it will continue to find relief in fresh moral agitation, if not in more active directions. The question of final Dissolution is not settled, but only adjourned. Any re-Union that can be patched up by compromise now will be but a hollow mask, behind which Mr. Lincoln and his party may enjoy the sweets of office for four years. It must crumble at the first earnest touch of the South or the North. We trust that this inevitable rearrangement of the warring parts of the Republic may take place now. But, whether now or not, it must come soon, and with it will come—not the *beginning* of the end, for that began long ago, but the end of the end of slavery. We think it will not be hard to demonstrate this from the axioms of human nature and the solved problems of history; but the demonstration must wait for another opportunity.

OPPORTUNITY.

IT is well enough known that Abolitionists have never been unduly enthusiastic in their expectations in regard to the Republican party, either as to its firmness in the hour of trial, or its faithfulness in making a right use of success. We have honestly and plainly admonished the members of that party, both in regard to present shortcomings, and to the small prospect of reformation in the future, from those who continued a paltering policy of concession of right, and persistence in wrong, for the present. We could not expect them, arrayed in even battle against the Slave Power, to advance from their chosen position of a "white man's party," to vindicate the right of liberty for all, or nobly to accept present defeat rather than again consent to split the difference between slavery and freedom. But a Providential occurrence of the rarest and most amazing character has now so wonderfully favored them, has so put the game into their hands, has enabled them to accomplish *so* much, both for themselves and for posterity, by doing *so* little, that, if they misuse this opportunity, a disgraced annihilation will be their fit reward.

Through the insane and suicidal course of the Gulf States, the success of the Republican party (in all that they have proposed to themselves, and more) may now be gained, not by hard work, but by simply standing still! simply adhering to their party position, their Chicago platform! simply refusing to deliver their property to the highwaymen who demand it! Never was such an opportunity to do great things with small means! Never was such a practical illustration of *multum in parvo*.

Their President is chosen, and is ready to take the Executive power into his hands; and appearances seem to indicate that he is the best man they could have chosen, and a better man than they have deserved.

The secession of the worst of the slave States has greatly diminished the majority against the new Executive in the two houses of Congress. The party can do, through them, vastly more than seemed possible two months ago. The very movements of their foes have amazingly increased their strength.

The watchwords which indicate the true policy of the party have already been shouted by some of their acknowledged leaders. *The Tribune* has conspicuously placed on its standard—"NO COMPROMISE." Gov. Chase has given them this happily expressed motto —"INAUGURATION FIRST, ADJUSTMENT AFTERWARDS!"

All that this party now has to do, for the attainment of a success beyond even its own hopes, is to stand still! to stand upright! to stand firm! Was ever a party so helped by favoring gales towards the desired harbor?

Then the influence against which this silent firmness is required is not an attack; nothing involving any loss or any injury to them (except, indeed, one risk, which, with *such* opponents, they must always calculate on until they come to the required point of surrendering everything—the risk, namely, of the assassination of their leaders in Washington); nothing against which they may not stand in the assured superiority of conscious strength; it is only bullying! only insolent and powerless bravado! only such flourishing of a sword in each hand, accompanied by such bellowings and grimaces as the Chinese soldiers foolishly tried to frighten the English withal! If the Republicans can withstand the sound of empty threats as firmly as the Princess Parizade did, when she went up the enchanted mountain, they are safe and victorious.

And, best of all, the time for the endurance of this trial is short, and fast approaching its close. After the inauguration, all the difficulties will have shrunk to half their present size; all the advantages will have doubled; all the omens will point to prosperity. If the Republicans have but the heart to adopt justice and freedom as their policy, never had godliness such obvious promise alike of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

Slavery has not only been our great evil, shame and curse, from the commencement of our national existence, but it was enlarging in proportions and increasing in malignity. The Republicans, seeing and feeling this, proposed to resist its *extension*; limiting themselves to that measure of opposition, partly because they thought they could do no more under the Constitution, and partly because they were not strong enough to cope with the slaveholders. A most wonderful interposition of Providence is taking both difficulties out of their way. Battalion after battalion of the force they have been opposing is wheeling off, taking out of the contest a majority of the slaveholders and a majority of the slaves. More divisions of this hostile force *threaten* to go! *Threaten* to remove the chief difficulty of the Republicans, to carry off the trunk and roots of that Upas which the Republicans have been trying to prune and limit, and to leave the Constitution in their hands, subject, if they will, to an amendment prohibiting slavery in the United States for all coming time!

Under such circumstances, what do these amazing Republicans do? They really act as if they thought such a threat fearful, and the execution of it dangerous. They complain of the departure of their enemies. Still more. They complain of the departure of enemies who take away with them the evil, the danger, the fruitful source of past and anticipated troubles. More yet. They complain of the departure of an opponent who, by that very act, is sure to defeat himself, and to leave the control of present and future completely in their hands. Is insanity contagious? And has New England caught it from South Carolina?

In objecting to the secession of slave States, the Republicans make a blunder fully equal to that by which South Carolina took her slavery from under the protection of the United States Constitution. Their interest and their wisdom lie, most unequivocally, in the opposite direction. Far from making it a question whether the whole slave element shall be *allowed* to eliminate itself, its proposition to do this should be hailed as a joy and a blessing. If slavery wishes to go, by all means *let* it go, and rejoice therein. If even Delaware wishes to go, as well as Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri, speed the parting friends. Interpose no word of objection. Lend them, if need be, the use of the District of Columbia, the Capitol, and the external apparatus of government there existing, until their experiment of riotous living shall have wrought its inevitable failure. And when (by the grace of God, and not by the labors or deserts of the Republicans) the United States shall stand free, a nation without a slave, then let them seize the propitious moment, amend the Constitution so as forever to prohibit slavery in its States and Territories, and patiently wait for the following inevitable result. The States just mentioned cannot possibly unite in the policy now proposed by the Gulf States, even if the latter had not, in advance, scorned their alliance, and declared it undesirable. Still more: if the secession movement reaches the limit of the free States, the border slave States cannot keep their slaves. Some will escape, and the remainder will be sold South for fear of their escape. When slavery has ceased to be a controling interest in those States, some elements in their population which have long been latent there, the haters of slavery, now kept down by the bar on freedom of speech and of the press, will make themselves seen and felt without delay. That majority of non-slaveholders to whom Helper's "Impending Crisis" appealed, demonstrating that they might, if they would, *rule* their respective States—the many white men who have found that *they* were chained by the chains of the slave, and who have been longing for a chance to speak and act freely—and the subscribers to *The Tribune* and other Northern newspapers, who have found their property insolently destroyed, or withheld from them, at a Post Office managed by the Slave Power—all these will manifest themselves as soon as the Slave Power has ceased to be predominant, and will promptly assume the reins of control which their enemy is forced to drop. From that moment their interests, and the interests of the States they represent, will all lie in union with the free United States, and in progressive assimilation to them. And, of course, if they seek alliance with a nation whose Constitution absolutely prohibits slavery, they will be made welcome, and may thenceforward proceed in a career of uninterrupted prosperity. Such *must* be the tendency with each succeeding line of border slave States; and when to this we add the certainty that South Carolina must quarrel with any associate—the many causes of internal difference and opposition which must arise among the people of the Gulf States (whether their government remain, as now, an oligarchy, or be changed to a military despotism)—the dangers (whether realized or *only* constantly apprehended) of an outbreak of the slaves—and the certainty that any war waged by this Slaveholding Power must inevitably overthrow its slavery—when all these are taken into view, it becomes plain, that when slavery shall have thoroughly separated herself from our Union of States, and when the precaution shall have been taken of closing the door inexorably against her return, we have only to possess our souls in patience; the rest will be done by inevitable destiny; and, one after another, these prodigals will seek their obvious welfare by asking readmission to the home they so foolishly left.

When the Southern States shall have done with slavery, no reason will exist to prevent the granting of their request. Meantime, the experiment of a free American Republic will already have been begun. And then may be expected to dawn the commencement of a career of internal and external prosperity, such as a slaveholding nation never has known—never could know.

COTTON CULTURE.

NATURAL justice rules as much in commerce as in morals. Demand and supply eventually are based on sound ethical principles. Whatever may be the derelictions of commerce and capital, ultimately the trader, manufacturer and producer find their best interests in obeying the instincts and principles of equity and morality. Individual exceptions may easily be cited against this statement. Yet the result finally will bear it out. "The mills of the gods grind slowly" is an old but true saying. It may take generations for Nemesis to reach the powerful wrongdoer, but it will come.

The present condition of the slave States, at least in their material aspect, illustrates this. The Gulf States have grown rich, in fact the nation has, by the wonderful and unparalleled cotton trade, of which they have principally been the seat. The immense manufacturing interests of England have principally been dependent upon the cotton crop of the slave States for the raw material which keeps her busy millions employed. An extract from a speech delivered lately at Manchester, England, by Mr. Bayley, M.P., will best illustrate this dependence. "Last year the consumption of the raw material was 48,543 bags per week. Of that supply, 85 per cent. came from the United States, the consumption of American cotton being 41,195 bags weekly. From Egypt, Brazil and other independent countries, the consumption was 3,963 bags per week, or 8 per cent.; while from British East and West Indies the consumption was 3,461 bags per week, or 7 per cent. For five out of the six working days they were consuming American cotton, and for the sixth alone they needed all they got from foreign and British sources."

This state of affairs has often been a source of alarm to the British capitalists, while the sturdy integrity of the nation has been shocked by a submission to the commercial domination of an interest created by the labor of slaves. It needed, however, some rude blow to arouse them fully to the evil. This, in their headlong insanity, the Southern States have given. The dread which now fills the public mind of Great Britain, though perhaps exaggerated, is yet too deeply seated, too widespread, and has its rise in too just an apprehension, to be allowed to subside without bringing forth important results.

The cotton manufacture of that country employs twenty-eight million spindles, some four million of men, women and children, and has a capital invested in it of four thousand million dollars. It has been the long sought aim of the English statesmen, economists and publicists to place their country independent, for its raw material, of a nation whose labor system is based on a profound wrong, and is forever subject to a terrible chronic derangement. The merest tyro in statesmanship can readily perceive that it is desirable for England to divide among many the immense profits which arise to this country from the culture of cotton. Were no other reason existing, this would stimulate England to aid the development of all exterior sources of supply. Hence the present condition of affairs in the Southern States is being used most effectually to arouse English capital to a sense of its danger. Cotton may be King, but his throne will not for long be in the slave States of this continent. Secession, in more ways than one, will break the back of slavery. Take from it its pecuniary value, and it fades as the snow melts in May.

The present annual value to the South of the cotton crop is not less than $200,000,000. There was exported last year from the United States 2,879,513 bales, while the consumption by the manufacturing States has been largely increasing. The cotton States, in 1859, produced about 4,700,000 bales, or 2,100,000,000 lb., of which more than two-thirds was consumed by Great Britain. Yet this immense trade is almost entirely artificial. In 1790, the United States, according to McCullough, did not export a single bale; while other authorities put its entire export for that year at about 2,500 lb. In 1792 it exported 138,328 lb.; in 1794, 160,760 lb.; and in 1795, 5,276,306 lb. This enormous increase was owing entirely to the invention of the gin by Eli Whitney, the Connecticut Yankee, whom the States of Georgia and South Carolina attempted afterwards to rob of the fruits of his genius.

The cotton plant of the South is a puny annual, requiring seven months to bring it to maturity, growing only to the height of two or three feet, and easily affected by atmospheric changes. Capital, untiring energy and labor alone have made it the source of this enormous wealth, with the possession of which its owners believe they can bribe the world into submission to its gigantic crimes and prospective schemes of wholesale plunder. Let us see whether this is so. Cannot the same energy, stimulated by a pressing demand and an abundant capital, produce results elsewhere as great as those which we see in the slave States?

Two-thirds of the cotton-producing land of the world lies outside of the slave States. India, Africa, Australia, Egypt, the Levant, Central and South America, with the Islands of the Gulf, are all of them even more eminently adapted to the production of this valuable staple than the Gulf States. Efforts have been made of late years, which will now be much increased, to stimulate the production in those countries. The following statement of the average increase in the production of free labor cotton, as compared with the United States, will illustrate best the result of these efforts. The net increase for the last seven years is as follows: Africa, 700 per cent.; East Indies, 111; West Indies, 600; Egypt, 31; United States, 34½. The increase for fourteen years from 1843 to 1857 will range as follows: Egypt, 140; Brazil, 54; East Indies, 368; West Indies, over 400; Africa, 300; United States, 15. At the present rates of consumption by Great Britain, the countries named will, within fourteen years, at the same increase of production, raise by free labor 400,000,000 lb. more cotton than Great Britain will need. An extra effort now will, within one third of that period, make her entirely independent of the slave States. And it will be done. Her interests and her philanthropy are both yoked to the work. Her money and integrity will labor to the same end, and must conquer. The speech most loudly applauded at the Manchester meeting, before alluded to, was that of a Parsee merchant of Bombay, Mr. Navroje. He gave expression to such sentiments as these, which really struck a key note in his listeners' minds:

"It was, therefore, often a puzzle to him, when he considered England's civilization, to find out why the children of those men who paid millions of money to emancipate the slave, should now pay ten millions a year in order to make those shackles stronger, and more riveting (applause). With the faith he had in Englishmen, he hoped when the time came they would gird up their loins and vanquish the foe altogether (renewed applause). Considering what England had done for the slave, he could only come to the conclusion that the emancipators were the noblest of men, presenting to the world the noblest spectacle of maintaining and defending the rights of humanity, and that their children were degenerate; or, that the children were wiser than their fathers, and that their fathers were fools for their pains (cheers and laughter). The *prestige* of the English nation might rest on the one act of emancipation; but now look at the spectacle of men, the emancipators of slaves, becoming slaves to slaves; for what were we but slaves to those very slaves in America, because we depended upon them for our supply of cotton?"

A couple of facts more will serve to illustrate the rapid growth of the cotton trade, in any country suited to its culture, where energy, skill, and capital, have been brought to bear upon it. The first cotton plant was raised in Egypt, in a garden at Cairo, during the year 1821. In 1824, Egypt exported 148,296 bales of 219 lb. each, being, in three years, a growth from the produce of one plant to 32,476,824 lb. In one district of Africa, Sierra Leone, the exports have risen from 1,810 lb. in 1852 to 96,470 lb. in the first quarter of 1858.

These figures are remarkable as showing the steady increase of the free labor staple. Among not the least marked features is the very great increase in Africa and the British West Indies. In seven years the increase for Africa has been at the rate of 700 per cent.; for the West Indies, 600. These lands are the homes of the African people. Africa, their mother land; the West Indies, by the process of absorption. Jamaica has only 15,000 whites against nearly 400,000 people of color. The result is the same in the other islands. Would it be strange if the free people of the race enslaved here should, encouraged and sustained by English capital, be among the most active of the sources from whence a death blow shall be given to the Southern system?

Among the competitors entering the field against this system is another people, the only African nationality in America. The Republican administration of Hayti have not been blind to this movement, and are taking active measures to meet the demand. A correspondence with the new Cotton Supply Association at Manchester has been opened, touching the capability of the island. A large supply of the finest varieties of cotton seed has just been shipped from New Orleans to Port-au-Prince, having been purchased in that market by the Haytian government. The Executive has ordered the preparation, as an experimental cotton plantation, of 3,500 acres of government land. Orders have been received in this country by the Haytian agents to report to their government upon the best varieties of machinery, implements, etc., for this culture. The four hundred emigrants from Louisiana are located in the arrondissement of St. Mark, in the valley and plains of the Artibonite, the best cotton producing section of Hayti. The results of their labors will soon be in the Liverpool market. The emigrants who lately sailed from Boston in the Janet Kidston, arrived at Port-au-Prince on the 16th ult., and have since been located in the same section. They will devote themselves to cotton. Another company, mainly composed of the free people driven from South Carolina, sailed on the 26th from Boston. They have also formed themselves into a cotton growing association. The majority are well skilled in its culture, and will be an acquisition to the country.

As to the capabilities of Hayti for raising this staple, a few facts will best serve to prove. The island contains 30,528 square miles, being nearly the size of Ireland. This will give it a superficial area of nearly 20,000,000 acres, five-eighths of which is among the most fertile cotton producing lands of the earth. All varieties can be cultivated. The celebrated Sea Island variety in Hayti becomes perennial, lasts at least ten years, and assumes almost the proportions of a small tree. Cotton of this variety, hand picked and cleaned, from the eastern part of the island, has, within the past year, been sold in New York at 14 cents per pound. The total amount of cotton exported from Hayti in 1859 was 700,000 lb. That this is no evidence of its capability, a glance at the amount exported in 1790 will show. The island then was in the zenith of its prosperity. The French colony (the present Republic of Hayti), in that year, exported 6,698,858 lb. of cotton. There were 789 plantations devoted to its culture. Yet no extraordinary attention was paid to it, for at that time it had not become the all-potent monarch of commerce. "Baron Wimpeffen's Voyage to St. Domingo," a work published at the close of the last century, says of it: "The most seducing article of cultivation is cotton. It is not so lucrative, indeed, as the rest, but its returns are quick, and it requires fewer hands, fewer buildings, etc. Almost every soil agrees with it, though there are some, such as that of Gonaive for example, which raise plants of a superior quality." M. De St. Méry says: "It grows naturally at St. Domingo, is of an excellent quality, even it comes without the least care. It flourishes in stony land, in that which is the most barren, and in the very crevices of the rocks."

Experiments in Hayti show that the long stapled variety will there produce per plant from five to ten pounds. The yield per acre is not less than 1,000 lb. annually, in two crops of 500 lb. each. This, when cleaned, will make a return of 600 lb. of cotton fit for the market. With strenuous efforts and proper machinery for cleaning and packing, the Republic of Hayti could, in five years, export 3,000,000 bales of 300 lb. each. The Haytian President and his advisers understand what they are working for. The course they have marked out and are now pursuing will elevate them among the nations, help to loose the shackles of their brethren here, and secure to them a goodly share, at least, of that material prosperity which has enabled the South hitherto to maintain its position.

Natural justice will eventually triumph. Commerce and wealth cannot evade its requirements. The next ten years, in the transfer elsewhere of the power of King Cotton, and in the use of that power beneficently, will illustrate the truth of this statement. We may soon bid farewell to the rule of the most pestiferous monarch that has ever dominated the nations to their ruin and misery.

PARKER PILLSBURY, we are glad to learn, will spend the month of March in this State. He will attend meetings at Farmington and Macedon, in Wayne County, next week.

PASTORAL LETTER FROM DR. CHEEVER.

EDINBURGH, January 10, 1861.

To the Members of the Church of the Puritans.

I FEEL compelled to address a few words to you again, most dearly beloved brethren and friends, my own dear people, at this solemn crisis. Though separated for the present, in so difficult a position in the warfare to which God has called us, we have great need of each other's counsels and prayers. I do not cease to be anxious for you all, for your personal growth in grace, for your diligence as to the common salvation, and your own part in it, and in all the precious graces and fruits of the Spirit, by which the disciples of Jesus may adorn his doctrine, and commend to others the profession of his love. Oh! that he may grant you, unceasingly, that baptism of his Spirit, which alone can make you and keep you faithful to him, to one another, and to the world. It is my earnest prayer that you "may walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God; strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power, unto all patience and longsuffering with joyfulness." As I have never shunned while among you to declare the whole counsel of God, so now, though absent from you, I may not withhold anything that on my conscience I feel I ought to say.

I see that it is becoming more and more difficult for a Church of Christ in New York to maintain the position which you have held, and to proclaim the truths which you have proclaimed as committed to you for this very purpose by your Divine Redeemer. It is perhaps more perilous now, than even when I was with you, to preach the deliverance of the enslaved and the abolition of slavery as a present Christian obligation and duty. The wrath of cruel and covetous men, and the denunciations of professedly religious men and editors, are evoked against the very idea of abolition, so that it requires no small degree of moral courage to preserve and openly profess your principles, and not to fall from your own steadfastness in this thing.

But you are set for the defence of the gospel, and as those who have the truth of God on your side, you need not fear, trusting in him. Cast not away, therefore, your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward. You are not walking in craftiness, nor handling the Word of God deceitfully, nor sanctioning its prevalent appalling perversions in defence of slavery, nor concealing nor avoiding its reprobation of that sin, but by manifestation of the truth, just where it is needed, you are endeavoring to commend yourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God. And you have engaged in this conflict against this reigning and gigantic iniquity, out of love to Christ, and to those for whom he has commanded you to speak and to labor; you have done it for the honor of his name, for the just manifestation of his gospel, and for the redemption of his cross from the infamy of creating or sanctioning a slaveholding Christianity. You have engaged in it out of that compassion for those who are in bonds and at the impulse of that desire for their deliverance, which is not only an instinct of our natural humanity, but a direct command of our Savior. On the other hand, those who oppose your application of the Word of God against slaveholding as sinful are engaged in the support and sanction of a mighty sin and a vast system of cruelty and crime, and are laboring to pervert the gospel itself in defence of it. We see with amazement eminent Northern preachers of that gospel not scrupling to distort the Word of God from its indisputable meaning for this purpose, and applying texts against the effort to abolish slavery, which contain a clear announcement of the wrath of the Almighty if it be not abolished!

The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests of the Juggernaut of slavery bear rule by their means. Meantime we see that those who are withdrawing from the Union are doing it because, except under the terror of such a measure, they despair of getting the Union pledged for the establishment and perpetuity of slavery, pledged to keep forever in slavery those from whom God has commanded them to break the yoke of this bondage. They look to be invited back by the bribe of such a pledge inserted in the Constitution. Others we behold praying for the Union, that it might be preserved whole and entire, with the iniquity of slavery as its keystone, the one condition on which alone it could be kept from tumbling. We see fulfilled the words of Habakkuk, "They catch men in their net, and gather them in their drag; therefore they rejoice and are glad. Therefore they sacrifice unto their net, and burn incense unto their drag, because by them their portion is fat and their meat plenteous." Also the descriptions of Hosea, "Ephraim is a merchant, the balances of deceit are in his hand, he loveth to oppress. And Ephraim said, Yet I am become rich, I have found me out substance, in all my labors they shall find none iniquity in me that were sin." Now, between the extortioners of the world, and oppressors in the Church by pretended sanction of the gospel, the colored race, of whom it has been pronounced that they have no rights that white men are bound to respect, are become "the flock of the slaughter, whose possessors slay them, and pronounce themselves not guilty, and they that sell them say, Blessed be the Lord, for we are rich! and their own shepherds pity them not." And those who oppose this monstrous wickedness, who direct the Word of God against it, and demand its abolition, are accused, instead of those who commit and sanction such crimes, as obnoxious to the wrath of God, and as being the authors of that very disruption of the Union which, to the amazement of a gazing world, has already taken place, and may possibly bring the horrors of a civil war along with it.

Amidst all this, we cannot tell, as yet, what God designs. But for yourselves, dear brethren, it is evident that this is, of all others, the very time of trial in which you are called upon to be faithful to the gospel of God and the cause of the enslaved. And if your enemies rage against you on that account, so much the more earnestly should you "stand fast in one spirit, with one mind, striving together for the faith of the gospel, and in nothing terrified by your adversaries, which is to them an evident token of perdition, but to you of salvation, and that of God." And I pray God that no one among you may be moved by these afflictions, for yourselves know that we are appointed thereunto in such a conflict, so great a crown as that of having been made faithful in this good fight not being possible without such a cross. It is not strange if I have been greatly anxious lest by any means the tempter might have tempted you, and our labor be in vain. "But we are comforted over you in all our affliction and distress, by the good tidings of your faith and charity, and that ye have good remembrance of us always, desiring greatly to see us, as we also to see you. For now we live, if ye stand fast in the Lord." And, dear faithful brethren and friends, may God keep you faithful to the end.

The importance of your steadfastness is great, for you have engaged in this work because you have desired to see the abolition of slavery accomplished by peaceful means, in obedience to the command of God, as a work of true and living piety, by the authority and persuasion of the gospel; because, in order to this, you knew it was necessary that the followers of Christ should set the example, should proclaim the truth against this sin, as the truth is in Jesus, knowing if the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness! knowing how great a power of infidelity and atheism has been given to Satan in the sanction of this sin. Your hearts have been filled with anguish when you have seen professed teachers of the gospel of love, which proclaims, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," affirming that slavery, the intensest form of human oppression and cruelty, was an institution of that gospel. You have seen ministers of that gospel, in one and the same sermon, calling on their hearers never to be slaves, and in the very same breath commanding them, as a Christian duty, to make slaves of others, and to defend this as a privilege of their own liberty.

The true gospel being thus perverted, and a false gospel set up for the sanction of such abominations, you have felt that it was an unendurable disgrace if the Word of God were silent, and the battle against this gigantic iniquity were left to be fought by mere natural philanthropy. The world has had the promise from God that when the kingdom of the gospel comes, it will break in pieces the oppressor, and will save the children of the needy. You therefore know that a gospel which refuses to do this is a false gospel; that a gospel which is prevented by its very preachers from the liberty and power of doing this, and is made to protect and consecrate the oppression which the Word of God denounces, is fatally wanting in the seals of divine authenticity and inspiration for a guilty world, is thrown down as an object of instinctive contempt beneath the level of natural humanity, and would provoke a world even of angels into infidelity. You are bound, therefore, to assert the truth of the gospel, and to apply it for the deliverance of those that are oppressed, and for the protection of their children. That gospel which is commanded to be preached against menstealers, that gospel which commands masters to render unto their servants that which is just and equal, and, therefore, forbids the holding of them in slavery, since this would be the greatest possible violation of justice and equality, that gospel which, together with the law, forbade the return of fugitives to bondage, and declared them no longer slaves, that gospel which avers that in Christ there is neither bond nor free, nor any respect of persons, is most impiously slandered and perverted by being made the minister of this sin. There are those who attempt to set aside the benevolent and eternal precepts of God's law on this subject as mere Judaic ceremonies. Whereas, God himself has declared the precepts against menstealing to be just as binding now as they ever were, and of just as perpetual and inalienable authority and application as the precepts against the murderers of fathers and murderers of mothers. It is only those who "by feigned words would make merchandise of you," that dare affirm a gospel sanction for making merchandise of the colored race. It is only those "who separate themselves, sensual, having not the spirit," and who, "*having men's persons in admiration because of advantage*," believe that gain is godliness, who thus blaspheme the Word of God.

Now, beloved brethren, may God keep you all firm and unwavering. Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and whatever efforts may be made to induce a compromise with the system or the spirit of slavery, be not entangled again in the yoke of bondage. Continue to proclaim God's Word against slaveholding as sin, for that is his appointed method in dealing with any iniquity whatever for which he calls the sinner to repentance. I see that one of the greatest grievances alleged by the South against the North is just this, that we believe and declare slavery to be sinful. Assuredly this shows where our power for arresting and abolishing this iniquity lies, even in the conscience of mankind, set on fire with the Word and Spirit of the living God. Years ago, if the Word of God had been thus applied by his faithful ministers and people, the country would have put away this wickedness; for God says, in regard to the very same sin, and the guilt of the false prophets that promised peace in it, and concealed God's truth, "If they had stood in my counsel, and had caused my people to hear my words, then they should have turned them from their evil way, and from the evil of their doings." But, "from the prophets is profaneness gone forth into all the land." And you can hardly conceive the painful disappointment and astonishment of all classes in this country, in witnessing the efforts of theologians and professed Christians and Christian ministers so scandalously to pervert the Word of God.

Dear brethren, whatever be the present result of your efforts, you will always have cause to thank God that in this conflict, with your loins girt about with truth, taking the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, you have been enabled to stand against the wiles of the devil. "I thank God upon every remembrance of you, always in every prayer of mine for you all making request with joy, for your fellowship in the gospel from the first day until now." "May your love abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment, that ye may approve things that are excellent, that ye may be sincere and without offence in the day of Christ, being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ unto the glory and praise of God." The great and solemn subject to which the minds of all are now turned should be brought by us continually before God, and pondered in the light of eternity. May your anxieties and trials in regard to it be the means of bringing you personally nearer to God, making you feel more deeply the importance of a daily closer walk with him, and of entire trust and confidence in Jesus. And may the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you. To him be glory and dominion forever and ever, Amen.

With most affectionate remembrances to you all, and with earnest prayers that God would keep you all unto his heavenly kingdom, I am, dear brethren and friends, as ever, your loving pastor, GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

THE SYRACUSE MOB.

SYRACUSE, February 17, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DEAR SIR: You have republished, in your two last numbers, the accounts given in our Syracuse newspapers of the outrages committed here upon the fundamental rights of American citizens, on the 29th and 30th of January. You have also given to your readers the indignant comments of your correspondent "M.," of January 31st, upon this disgraceful affair.

I trust you will publish with greater pleasure the resolutions passed unanimously at an adjourned meeting of the members of the Unitarian Society in Syracuse, on the 10th inst.* I can assure you they speak the sentiments and breathe the spirit of still much the larger part of the inhabitants of our city—respectable Democrats as well as Republicans. The Committee that drafted those resolutions, and whose names are appended to them, are of the highest respectability and of different political opinions. One, at least, has long been a prominent Domocrat; and I believe he abhors the transactions of the 19th and 20th as sincerely as any man.

but our own opinion is, that having failed of an election to the Presidency at the hands of the Republicans, he is determined to divide their ranks and put himself at the head of a new party, to be composed of the Corwin wing of the Republicans, the Bell-and-Everett men, and a fraction of the Democracy, fused together upon a Union-saving basis. Wait and see.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, February 25, 1861.

WHEN it was announced that Mr. Lincoln would proceed from Springfield to Washington by slow stages and a circuitous route, presenting himself at intervals on the way for public receptions, grave doubts were felt, even by some of the most hopeful, as to the propriety of the measure. Such a course, on the part of the President elect, it seemed to them, would be hardly consistent with the decorous reserve and modest retirement which had hitherto characterized his conduct. Now was not the time for a triumphal procession; and anything liable to the suspicion of clap-trap, or of a desire to make political capital, would be inconsistent with the dignity of his exalted position. But, on the other hand, it had to be admitted that there were strong reasons of State, as well as of party policy, to recommend the measure. The people were in trouble, and needed reassurance. The presence of Mr. Lincoln among them would have this effect. It would reexcite the enthusiasm of his friends, and the contagion would extend to his opponents. The mere sight of a man, under such circumstances, has a great effect upon the masses; and when it is accompanied by a kind word or look, its effect is irresistible. The people don't readily take in an abstract idea; but when it is embodied, especially when it is put in the form of a man of six feet four in his stockings, they are prepared to do it homage. Such, it was to be hoped, would prove the result in this case. Everything would depend, however, on the manner in which Mr. Lincoln should perform his part. If his self-possession, native dignity, common sense, should not forsake him, all would be well; but if he should become dizzy, or for a moment yield to the suggestions of incompetent advisers, the evil results would exceed all the hoped for advantages.

It was a risky experiment, but it is due to say that, so far as the programme was adhered to, the expectations of those who planned it were fairly justified. Mr. Lincoln's journey from Springfield to Pittsburg, from Pittsburg back through Cleveland to Buffalo, from Buffalo through Albany to New York, and from New York to Philadelphia, and hence to Harrisburg, was one grand and continued ovation. The enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds, and the behavior of Mr. Lincoln through the trying ordeal was such as to occasion no disappointment to his advising friends. Any lack that may have been noticed of courtly grace was more than made up by the cordial frankness of his manner; and the absence, in his speeches, of oratorical elegance found full compensation in the soundness of his views, and the judicious care with which he expressed them. The tone of his speeches on the issues of the day was up to the highest mark of his party. "I am exceedingly anxious," said he, in his speech at Trenton, in allusion to the battle fought there by our revolutionary sires, "that that thing which they struggled for, that something even more than national independence, that something that held out a great promise to all the people of the world for all time to come—I am exceedingly anxious that this Union, the Constitution, *and the liberties of the people*, shall be perpetuated in accordance with the original idea for which that struggle was made; and I shall be most happy if I shall be made the instrument in the hands of the Almighty, and of this his almost chosen people, for perpetuating the object of that struggle." "It may be necessary," he said, in another speech at the same place, "to set the foot down firm, to take a decided stand." And in Independence Hall, in this city, at the raising of the flag on the morning of the 22d, his language was particularly impressive. Your readers will remember the circumstances. Theodore Cuyler, Esq., President of the Select Council, had welcomed the President elect in a speech containing several pointed and impertinent political allusions. For instance, he said, "To you it belongs, by wisdom, moderation, and *just concession*, to soothe the troubled heart of a nation," etc., etc., "*so that trade may flow again* in its accustomed channels" (trade, always trade, you see), "and the toiling millions of our people find again the employment of which they have been deprived—a great people whose most cherished national associations have been rudely shocked by the perils which have been brought upon us, partly by *the abstractions of narrow-minded good men*, and partly by the selfishness of bad men," etc., etc. Mr. Lincoln, in his reply, alluded to the Hall in which they were met, to its hallowed memories, and to the Declaration of Independence which had issued from it, and said (I quote from the report of his speech in the papers):

"I have never had a feeling politically that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence (great cheering). I have often pondered over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here and adopted that Declaration of Independence—I have pondered over the toils that were endured by the officers and soldiers of the army who achieved that independence (applause). I have often inquired of myself, what great principle or idea it was that kept this confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of the separation of the colonies from the mother land; but something in that Declaration giving liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world for all future time (great applause). It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights should be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance (cheers). This is the sentiment embodied in that Declaration of Independence.

"Now, my friends, can this country be saved upon that basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. If it can't be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle—I was about to say I would sooner be assassinated on this spot than to surrender it (applause)."

This was the tone, with more or less emphasis, of Mr. Lincoln's speeches during his whole journey. Their effect was visible in the raised expectations of anti-slavery men throughout the North, and the baulked efforts of the compromisers at Washington.

Everything was going on satisfactorily, and the programme was almost completed, when—*presto!*—the whole thing was changed. Mr. Lincoln suddenly disappeared from the midst of his friends at Harrisburg, and as suddenly turned up the next morning at Washington! What did it mean? The people, at first, were incredulous; but the fact was soon verified. Various reasons were assigned for this extraordinary movement, the most credible of which was, that a plot had been discovered at Baltimore for the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and that some ruse of this kind was absolutely necessary to save his life. This some professed to regard as a sufficient justification, but it was evident that even these hoped that a better solution was in reserve. The next day came, bringing with it many rumors, but none more satisfactory; and to-day, there being obviously nothing more to be heard, the aspect of the case remains substantially unchanged. Mr. Lincoln, because of threatened violence, was persuaded by his friends to abandon his published programme, and steal into Washington under cover of the night! By whomsoever advised, or for whatever reasons acceded to, it was a *disgraceful blunder*. Dignity, policy, common sense, courage, alike forbade it. To Mr. Judd, and Governor Curtin, and the Baltimore police officers and Mr. Seward's messenger, and the rest who counselled this course, Mr. Lincoln should have said, "No, gentlemen; I cannot accede to your wishes. Your kind feelings toward myself I appreciate; in your anxieties for the State I fully share. I would not assume undue responsibility, and, in other matters, gladly would I defer to your superior wisdom; but I cannot consent to the degradation involved in the acceptance of your advice. Any reasonable change that may be deemed expedient in the published plan of our journey, I will cheerfully accede to; but to skulk through the city of Baltimore in the dark, on my way to the Capitol where I am to assume the office of Chief Magistrate of the nation, would be a humiliation to which I cannot and will not submit. What I do must be done in broad daylight, before Israel and the sun. Go back and tell Mr. Seward and the people of Baltimore that I am coming to Washington in a manner befitting the dignity of my position, and as my predecessors have come before me. Tell them that I have faith in our cause, faith in the good heart of the people, and faith in the good God who, I humbly trust, has chosen me an instrument for the salvation of the country, and that I fear no evil. Tell them that, in due time, I doubt not, and in safety, I shall reach my destination; but that, if it should be otherwise ordered, and I should be compelled to give up my life a sacrifice to my sense of duty, my blood will go further to wash this country from its stains than could any possible act of my looked for administration."

Who can doubt the beneficent effect of an answer given in this spirit to these unwise advisers? It would have inspired them with a faith and courage before unknown to them. It would have disarmed the most brutal Plug-uglies of the riotous city of Baltimore. It would have made Mr. Lincoln's entrance into Washington a glorious and triumphal procession. But, alas! Mr. Lincoln, however well meaning and personally courageous, was not equal to the occasion. He had neither the high pride, the high worldly wisdom, nor the high religious faith that would have—either of them—caused him to spurn such dishonoring counsels. He allowed himself to be smuggled across the slave line, like a fugitive on the Underground Railroad, and the disgrace of the act will stick to him all the rest of his life. At least, nothing but the very wisest and most courageous administration of the duties of his office will ever suffice to efface it.

The comment suggested by this affair on the condition of the country, and on the character of a moiety of its people, is too obvious to need enforcement. It shows not only the incompatibility of slavery and freedom in the same political community, but the absurdity and madness of protracting any further the experiment. Either the North must consent to be slaves themselves, or to rid themselves of the burdens of the system. The latter alternative I take to be decided upon, and the sooner political leaders recognize the fact and begin to act upon it, the better for themselves. If they fail to do so, they may rest assured that they will be set aside, and others chosen in their place who will execute the people's fiat.

There is much speculation as to what Congress will do on the question of compromise, and as to the probable character and course of the new cabinet. By the time this reaches your readers, it is likely all these questions will have found a solution. That there will be some sort of a compromise I have no doubt. The administration of no government can be expected to be better than its laws, nor can the leaders of a party rise much above the average level of the people. Compromise lies at the base and runs through the whole warp and woof of our political institutions; and no man, however wise and good, can take office at Washington and maintain his place who does not practically recognize this fact. To engraft a no-compromise administration upon a compromise government would be putting new wine into old bottles, or sewing new cloth to old garments. It would only develope another illustration of the "irrepressible conflict."

The successful resistance thus far made by the North to pro-slavery concessions is the most cheering feature of the times. The severe censures which have been vented upon Seward and Weed for the comparatively slight surrenders they have offered to make; the high tone of *The Tribune* and other papers, and the unyielding position, thus far, of the President elect, are matters of just congratulation to all true anti-slavery people.

The stubborn opposition manifested by our State Legislatures to the policy of concession is another pleasing fact, and one well worthy of note. Pennsylvania has behaved particularly well in this matter. Governor Curtin was prompt to assure the people, soon after his election, that Pennsylvania would make it all right with the slaveholders; and *The Bulletin* was certain that the Legislature would, the first thing, repeal its offensive anti-slavery laws; but the session is nearly over, and in spite of Governor Curtin's entreaties, and regardless of the prayers of Philadelphia merchants, not a line or a word has yet been expunged from the State enactments to propitiate the border slaveholders. What may yet be done it is impossible to say; but thus far, thank God, Pennsylvania has done nothing in the way of pro-slavery concession to disgrace herself. That she may be able to say this when her Legislature rises is the earnest prayer of thousands of her best citizens.

It looks now as though Mr. Chase were not going to have a place in Mr. Lincoln's cabinet. Is not this as it should be? How, with the anti-concession views attributed to him, could Governor Chase act in unity with Seward, Cameron, Bates, and others, who are known to favor a different policy? No, no; let him stay out, and, with Greeley and the truer anti-slavery men of his party, have no share in the responsibilities of the Seward-Lincoln administration. There ought to be a radical left wing to the party, any how. It would be a good thing for the cause; it would serve as a check on the wing in power. It would be a nucleus, besides, around which the people could gather, ready to act when the time comes for another political step forward. Lovejoy, Hickman, and the like, in the House; Chase and kindred spirits in the Senate; and Greeley, with his mighty pen, in *The Tribune*, would constitute a power more formidable to the slaveholders than any Cabinet possible to be formed under existing circumstances.

M.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25, 1861.

WHILE many of the Republicans are crying out, "Have we a government or no?" the new Confederacy, the Slave Republic, is enlarging its foundations and preparing for war, if war must come. I should rather think *we* have no government in the seven seceded States. It doesn't look very much as if we had. Facts are stubborn things—and facts give the lie to any assertion that *we* have any control over the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas. In these States no Federal law is observed. In all their ports no Federal revenues are collected—the United States government is openly set at defiance—and no officer of ours *dare* attempt to stay an hour in one of them!

Now shall we admit these facts, accept them, and recognize the new Confederacy, or shall we denominate the citizens of the seceded States rebels and make war upon them? Already there are two parties in the Republican ranks on this question. One party is for *subduing* the revolution, the other for recognizing it as a fact and consenting to a separation. No man of either wing favors an *immediate* recognition of secession, but, in time, when we are ready for it, at our own pleasure. As this is perhaps the most important question of the day, let me give you, for a moment, the argument, *pro* and *con*, as presented here by the politicians.

The argument in favor of separation is substantially as follows: "Much as we may desire it, it is impossible to bring back the seceded States. Compromises will not do it; and though in a war we might overwhelm the slave States, still we could not subjugate them. Under our form of government we cannot well possess conquered provinces; and, therefore, if we subdued the slave States, we should be in the situation of the gentleman who won an elephant in a raffle. But it is going to be very difficult to carry on a war against the South. We are full of traitors, even at the North. Nearly one half of our people are in sympathy with the Secessionists. Under such circumstances, we shall be crippled if we go to war to save the Union, and *may* find ourselves unable to conquer the rebels! And, finally, it is better to cut loose from the slave States, to form a grand republic of freedom, and let the hotheads of the South manage their own affairs as they like best; in other words, to allow them to go to destruction, 'in their own way.'"

The argument against this proposition is summed up in a very few words: "We cannot escape a war with the South by a separation if we would. The new Confederacy will make demands upon us which we cannot submit to—and war will certainly ensue. She will demand New Mexico as her territory—we will not give it up. We shall be required to deliver up runaway slaves—we will not do it—and then comes war. Now, then, had we not better go through the dread conflict, standing upon the Constitution and the idea of Union—making our war-cry, *the defence of the government*, than to wage war as with an acknowledged enemy, stranger—a foreign nation?" My own impression is, from all I hear around me, that if the Jefferson Davis republic *persists* in its determination of existence outside the Union for a couple of years, the Lincoln administration will not make war upon it for the purpose of subjugation. The existing fact will be accepted.

The prospect is now decided that Virginia will be out of the Union in less than a month. The Peace Congress—the Commissioners' Convention—agrees upon some measure and Congress rejects it. Under the pressure of the disappointment the so-called Union men of Virginia, the *conditional* Union men, are broken down, and the State Convention takes the State out of the Union quickly and surely. The whole thing could easily be done in three weeks, and, in a couple of weeks more, the new administration will have its hands full in maintaining its existence *here*. These facts are worth contemplating, and at the present time. It may be a pleasant thing to *say* we will retake the forts now in the possession of the seceders; but it strikes me that Mr. Lincoln will wait some time before he does it, unless we are involved in war. Of course, if war is forced upon us, we shall do anything we please, and can, to benefit our cause.

Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, is trying to put a Force bill through the House, and he may succeed in getting it through that branch of Congress, but it cannot pass the present Senate, so that it amounts to nothing in a practical point of view. If danger menaces the Capital, unquestionably, under the law of 1795, the President has the power to call out the State militia in defence of the government. His main reliance, however, must be the regular troops. Let them be withdrawn from the Texan frontier and concentrated here or near the Capital—let us allow volunteers to do the work of defending the Western frontiers from Indian incursions, and bring the regular troops *here*, where unquestionably the President has full power to dictate every one of their movements.

Mr. Lincoln is now in Washington, and you may be sure that he will be run down with compromisers, who will beseech him to give his countenance to a compromise, or if it be too late for that, they will beg him to come out in his Inaugural Message in favor of some plan of compromise. Such a course, they will claim, will save the Union, even if Congress does nothing, as it will not, or at least nothing satisfactory to the South. The *demands* of the Convention of Commissioners, or of the slave States generally, are unheeded; and unless the enemies of all concessions are very much mistaken, no measure of compromise will be adopted by this Congress.

There is much excitement in political circles respecting Mr. Lincoln's sudden appearance here on Saturday morning. Why did he give Baltimore the slip? Was he afraid of assassination there? Or did he come on because his presence here was demanded by the Compromisers? Two stories are told, each of which is meant to account for his singular night journey here from Harrisburg. It is said that the Baltimore police had discovered a conspiracy to assassinate him if he had come through in the day time, and that General Scott, among others, advised the movement. This is story number one; the other is that Mr. Seward was terribly anxious for Mr. Lincoln to be here Saturday before the Compromise Convention should act finally upon the propositions before it, and to give his influence in favor of some one of the plans proposed. The exact truth is not known as yet, and perhaps never will be; but the genuine Republicans, the radical wing of the party in Congress are uneasy and anxious, though by no means despairing.

Whatever Mr. Lincoln's reasons were for the secret journey across Maryland, there can be no doubt that the effect is very bad upon Baltimore and Maryland. The honorable citizens feel ashamed, and declare that there was no cause for such a clandestine journey, and the bad men stigmatize the movement as having been caused by fear. But this is untrue. Mr. Lincoln is brave, in the true meaning of that word. He does not fear death, if it comes while he is discharging his duty; and if it was a mistake to change his original plan, he is not responsible for it, but other men of distinction in this city. When all the facts are known, however, it is to be presumed that the entire wisdom of his conduct will be apparent to us all. Thus far, Mr. Seward has been very much with the President elect, and many argue from this that Mr. Lincoln will follow the advice of the sage of Auburn. On the other hand, Senator Douglas, who is tolerably shrewd when he is not personally affected by his prophecies, offered to make a heavy bet with Mr. Seward that, six months hence, he, Seward, would be out of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet. Douglas thinks the new President will stand firm against Compromise, and that, in consequence, Seward will resign. Seward replies, "If I am in the Cabinet *one month from now*, I shall be a year hence." We shall soon learn the drift of the current. As the President elect goes, so this whole question of Compromise will turn. His influence is sufficient to decide the question.

AVON.

Our Boston Correspondence.

Confessions from Boston by an Ordinary Man.

NO. III.

THE SUMMARY.—The counting of the Converts—Confession without the Catechism—The Colleague as Candidate—*The Courier* comforted—The Professor as Propagandist—The Humiliations of Lent—What we meant in November.

BOSTON, Feb. 26, 1861.

I REALLY believe you have called me to THE STANDARD just in time. There is a strong current bearing people in the direction of those extremities you have long promulgated. Here is the substance of what a zealous Republican said the other day, when many of his party were accused of taking their present position with Mr. Garrison: "While the slaveholding States were willing to stay in the Union, and claim for their institution the protection accorded in the original compact, we were ready to fulfil our part of it. So long as there was any chance that the slavery question could be regarded as the fathers regarded it, an abuse to be tolerated through regard to our white brethren, or through dread of disasters that might follow its sudden extinction, we labored to preserve the Union, and were thoroughly opposed to the movement of the Abolitionists. Now, however, the issue has entirely changed. The Union of our fathers has been broken up by slaveholders, with every aggravation of barbarous insolence. Now the question is, shall a new compact be formed nationalizing slavery? Or, as some would prefer to put it, shall the rebels and threateners be humbly entreated to come back to us with the Southern interpretation of the constitutional allowance? To either form of the question we return a decided negative. We now say with Mr. Garrison, 'No Union with slaveholders.' We say to the South, we would have kept faithfully the old compact, with all our bitter experience of your institution; but we will never consent to form a new one, we will never revive the old allowance you have brutally repudiated!"

"I suppose you will think this rather a roundabout way of getting into the sheepfold, whose door you have held invitingly open these many years past. But you had better adopt the plan of citizens who have lost valuable property, and advertise to ask no questions of those who will restore the ability and conscience you rightfully claim. For my own part, as I began by saying, I find myself sailing in your direction just in time. You are evidently soon to be in power, and will, of course, want a candidate who has not injured his usefulness by identifying himself too closely with your party. If I remember rightly, there have been certain passages in the letters of your Regular Correspondent, implying that, in the event of your final triumph, the Presidency of a Northern Republic would be only an adequate recognition of his great services. Alas! the political battle is never to the strong! Let him ponder the biographies of Webster and Seward! No; what you want is some ordinary fellow, of vernal mildness of opinion, upon whom *The Courier* wing of the party can cheerfully unite. Why, am not I just your man? I don't think it could take more than six months to engineer that entertaining gazette to a position where it could conscientiously support me. Of course, you would allow it the comfort of calling me, "A Garrisonian of the Old Fay School"! or, "A Radical who had deeply studied the Doctrines of the Immortal Rynders"! We have an Oriental faith in the transmigration of journalists. No mutation is a miracle to one who has seen our respectable *Advertiser* turn over on an axis so well lucubrated, that half Beacon street were in condition of the people in China, and stood feet upward without suspecting it.

Our brothers in South Carolina seem to be making good use of their stolen post-office! They have at last found a Doctor of Divinity to gloss over their offences with the decent plausibility of a second rate lawyer in a desperate case. They are mailing to Northern friends in this city their first manifesto, for which the whiskey barrel has not too plainly been tapped. A professor of theology, the Rev. J. H. Thornwell, D.D., is the beloved disciple who has prepared a mild and expurgated gospel for the conversion of the Gentiles. To be sure, we have, as usual, the warm speech of men struggling under intolerable oppression travestied to extend the grossest system of tyranny under the sun. But it must be said that the Doctor's production appreciates the real position of the North better than anything that has yet appeared in Palmettodom. Nay, to the gifted few who have attained those sublimities of metaphysical muddlement where God and moral distinctions are dispensed with, its defence of secession may prove satisfactory. The conclusion drawn by the writer as to the true policy of the North is, doubtless, pretty nearly correct, and the pamphlet is worth reading for sensible remarks upon that head. I see, by the way, that it has been reprinted in your city; doubtless for the benefit of those who have no friends at the Southern court.

Well, we are wearing through our Lent, ecclesiastical and political, with what mortifications of the flesh our social and religious masters think fitted to promote our, or perchance their, good! Mr. Sumner's manly course has had the warmest sympathy from those sterling members of his party whose approval makes public opinion sooner or later. And it is but justice to add, that his Republican friends abate no confidence in the pluck and integrity of Mr. Adams, notwithstanding the noisy congratulations of Messrs. Hallett, Wightman and chorus. His judgment may be fallible; but he is not to be bought or bullied. He was a member of the Free Soil party when it was as hard for a man of his wealth and social position to enlist in their ranks, as the Bible declares it to be for one so encumbered to enter a still more fanatical society. His friends, who are most disappointed at his position, still claim for him the unflinching manliness of his father, with a greater practical sagacity. If anything can reconcile him to the enthusiasm of his new admirers, it must be that so great a compliment is rendered possible. And, as a suitable lenten mortification, we were humiliated with a Working Man's Meeting the other day, to volunteer obstetrical assistance to the sham Minerva with which the brain of Mr. Crittenden is in present labor. What the peculiar phraseology of the call could mean in a community in which every one is a working man at something or other, did not readily appear. If it was intended to collect those only engaged in physical or mechanical labor, why not so write it? This, however, could not have been the case, as many of the movers and orators did not belong to that class. I can only suppose that the bill-writers, with a wise foresight of the sturdy threshing it would require to extract any grains of nutriment from the chaff that Mr. Durant would set before them, so christened their bantling that no one might be taken unawares. Working Man's, indeed; aye, truly, sawing wood was nothing to it!

But what have we here? I am afraid our friend, the poet, is on the point of obtaining that valuable Commissionership I told you of. It seems to me that your choir would do well to omit at least one of his verses, as implying doctrines not considered essential to full communion in your Church. The worst of having anything to do with these fellows is, that you never can tell where to have them. Still, your cause is greatly indebted to them, with all their excentricities. And I am sure their obligations to you, or the principles you represent, are quite unbounded. Whittier's anti-slavery poems will have the Polyphemian privilege of dying last among their fellows. And we all know how you put that Biglow man in Jaalam on behind Rozinante, and, in company with the knight of La Mancha, sent him on the grand tour of posterity.

MARCH FOURTH, 1861.

Proclaim once more our charter bold
From prairie-sweep to eastern sea!
This truth, self-evident, we hold,
God has created all men free.
Firm stands the protest! as it stood
When greed of mart and church attacked;
We still believe some distant good
Shall warm the brave Ideal to fact.

From cloudless height our fathers saw
The land the patient North has earned;
Inspired men, they gave the law
That creeping years have slowly learned.
Not vainly did they freedom win;
We touch upon their blessed goal;
The function of the southern sin
Has throbbed to-day a living soul!

Mark, stripling State! your pliant North
Broke not the clasp our fathers joined;
Could you have kept the plighted troth,
Our freer manhood had been coined
To buy you from the doom of those
Who dare an ancient curse prolong:
Pledged to subdue your household foes,
We loved the Union, right or wrong!

Pause lest your frenzied follies bind
Our energies long scattered wide—
Lest northern heart wed northern mind,
And right and profit coincide.
Nay, Brothers, pause, ere blood be spilt!
What sought he in the thick'ning dusk,
Who left the house his Father built?
The harlot-revel! then the husk!

Pale North, some devils may not go
Except through fasting; yet at length
We find the body's waste and woe
Have issued in a higher strength.
Like Jacob wrestling through the night,
It is with angels that we cope,
A blessing strikes us with the light,
And all the future breaks with hope!

V**.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

THE great event of the past week is the journey of the President elect from Harrisburg to Washington on the Underground Railroad. His reasons for choosing this conveyance, if the reports in the newspapers are true, were substantially the same that are potent with fugitive chattels. Like them, he was afraid of being overhauled and detained, and perhaps killed, by the slaveholders on the border. The following letter, in explanation of the President's sudden journey, is from the Philadelphia *Press*, and from the pen of Mr. Forney:

"WASHINGTON, Feb. 25,

"There has been so much speculation as to the cause of Mr. Lincoln's sudden appearance in this city on Saturday morning last, that I am induced to give the readers of *The Press* the real cause. I have my information from an authentic source, and it can, therefore, be relied on. It appears that on Thursday night last, at 11 o'clock, a special messenger reached Philadelphia, and communicated to Mr. Judd the information that a plot had been discovered to assassinate Mr. Lincoln, either in Baltimore or on the Northern Central railroad, between Harrisburg and Baltimore.

Mr. J., believing the story, immediately set to work to change the route fixed upon by Mr. Lincoln and party, and in doing so, only imparted the information he had received to two persons, whom it was absolutely necessary to take into his confidence. Conditional arrangements were then made to carry out a change in the programme, provided subsequent information rendered it necessary. On the arrival of Mr. Lincoln and party at Harrisburg, on Friday, a son of Senator Seward was there with two messages (one from Mr. Seward, and the other from General Scott), stating that circumstances rendered Mr. Lincoln's presence at Washington on Saturday morning absolutely necessary. As soon as Mr. Lincoln's reception at Harrisburg was over, he was made acquainted with the nature of the information that had been communicated to Mr. Judd, of Philadelphia, as well as with the messages received from Senator Seward and General Scott.

His suite was convened to determine what should be done, and, after deliberating over the matter about an hour (during which, of course, opinions pro and con were freely given), it was agreed that the information was of such a character, and the messages from such sources, that they could not be disregarded. It was then determined that Mr. Lincoln should be taken over the Pennsylvania railroad, by a special train to Philadelphia, in order that he might reach this city by 6 o'clock on Saturday morning. The train was got in readiness and taken a short distance below Harrisburg, and arrangements were made to control the telegraph during the night, so that no information of the change in the programme could possibly be made public. Of course, it was difficult, considering the immense crowd that surrounded the hotel at which Mr. Lincoln stopped at Harrisburg, to get him off without exciting suspicion. But it was done. He was taken out of a side door, and driven down the railroad to the place where the train was waiting for him; not with a Scotch cap and a military cloak on, but dressed, with the exception of another hat, as he was when he reached Harrisburg. He got in the train at 6½ o'clock, reached Philadelphia in time to take the cars of the Philadelphia and Baltimore railroad, in which, accompanied only by Colonel Lammon, he took a sleeping berth, and next morning, at 6 o'clock, he reached this city. You will, therefore, see that there were two reasons for Mr. Lincoln's unexpected arrival: one, the fear, on the part of some of his friends, that an attempt might be made to take his life on his way here; the other, and, doubtless, the principal one, that the critical condition of our national affairs rendered his presence absolutely necessary.

"This is the whole story, briefly and truthfully told. Mr. Seward, anticipating his arrival, met him when he reached Willard's Hotel."

A friend, writing from Cleveland, says:

"Doesn't the plot thicken marvellously? The Underground Railroad is an institution, surely, when Presidents have to avail themselves of it to reach the capital. But only think what a concussion, had Lincoln met a 'nigger' scudding the other way! The minions of Republicanism—the nastiest of them—here in Cleveland, you know, have just sent Lucy Bagby back to bondage; and now their President has to *sneak* to Washington incog!"

For appropriate comments upon this shameful flight of the President to Washington under cover of darkness, see the letter of our Washington correspondent.

THE PROGRESS OF COMPROMISE.

THE Old Gentlemen's Conference at Washington reached its conclusion on Wednesday. The Guthrie project of compromise, as amended on motion of Mr. Franklin, was adopted by a vote of 10 States against 9; the vote of New York, by the absence of Mr. Field, being tied and therefore lost. Indiana and Missouri declined to vote. If Mr. Field had been present, the vote in the Conference would have stood 10 to 10, and the proposition been defeated. Mr. Field, having an important case in the Supreme Court, called the New York delegation together in the morning, when it was agreed that the vote of the State should be cast solid against each of the pending propositions. This agreement was violated by just a sufficient number of the New York delegates present when the vote in the Conference was taken to neutralize the vote of the State. The essential part of the proposition as adopted is as follows:

"In all the present territory of the United States, north of the parallel of 36 deg. 30 min. of north latitude, involuntary servitude, except in punishment of crime, is prohibited. In all the present territory south of that line *the status of persons held to service or labor, as it now exists, shall not be changed.* Nor shall any law be passed by Congress or the Territorial Legislature to hinder or prevent the taking of such persons from any of the States of this Union to said territory, nor to impair the rights arising from said relation. *But the same shall be subject to the judicial cognizance of the Federal Courts, according to the course of the common law.* When any Territory north or south of said line, with such boundary as Congress may prescribe, shall contain a population equal to that required for a member of Congress, it shall, if its forms of government be Republican, be admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States, with or without involuntary servitude, as the Constitution of such State may provide."

Ex-President Tyler was appointed to communicate the propositions to Congress, with a request that that body present them by a two-thirds vote in each House to the States, for adoption as amendments to the Constitution. In the Senate they were referred to a Committee, consisting of Messrs. Crittenden, Bigler, Seward, Thomson and Trumbull, with instructions to report on Thursday at 1 o'clock.

The action of the Peace Conference was not communicated to the House on Wednesday, but that body had under consideration the Corwin report from the Committee of Thirty-three. Its action is thus summed up by *The Tribune*:

1. The proposition to call a National Convention was rejected—74 Yeas to 109 Nays.

2. The Kellogg Compromise was rejected—93 Yeas to 158 Nays.

3. The Crittenden Compromise was rejected—80 Yeas to 113 Nays.

4. The resolutions reported by the Committee of Thirty-three were then adopted, 113 Yeas to 80 Nays. These resolutions declare, 1. That the Southern discontents are deplorable, and that more specific and effectual guaranties of the peculiar rights and interests of the South should be promptly and cheerfully granted; 2. The Personal Liberty laws are unconstitutional and dangerous; 3. State Legislatures are requested to repeal all anti-negro-catching enactments; 4. Slavery exists in fifteen States, and no outside power has any right to interfere with it; 5. The constitutional provision for negro-catching, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, ought to be executed, and there ought not to be any mobs; 6. There is no cause for a dissolution of the Union; 7. All the States ought to observe their constitutional obligations; 8. The Southern States ought not to allow Northern men to be mobbed or lynched, and they are asked to make laws which shall protect them; 9. Each State ought to provide against lawless invasions of any other State or Territory: 10. As nobody designs to interfere with slavery in the District of Columbia or in forts or arsenals within the slave States, it isn't necessary to do anything concerning that matter.

5. The proposal to submit to the Legislatures of the several States an amendment to the Constitution declaring that no amendment of that instrument shall ever be made giving Congress the power to abolish or interfere with slavery in the States where it exists, received 120 affirmative and 71 negative votes, and thus was lost, two-thirds of the votes being necessary to its adoption. A motion was made to reconsider this vote, and then another to lay the reconsideration on the table, pending which the House adjourned.

We do not believe that the present Congress will agree to submit to the States any of the propositions for amending the Constitution.

LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

SALEM, Ohio, Feb. 18, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

MY work in the States west of Ohio is done for the present. The campaign has been fatiguing, exposing, and, in the last weeks, beset by mobs and riot. Still, it has been crowned with signal success. Audiences have been good, and so for most part has been the attention.

The Conventions at Sterling, Ann Arbor and Livonia, were surely of great importance. In the former, Mr. Grover and Mr. E. R. Brown rendered excellent service; in the two latter, Mrs. Griffing's aid was invaluable. I have also given many lectures, and generally to houses larger than have been obtained in the same places on any other subject. My last lecture was on Sunday evening, at Toledo, a new field to me entirely. The evening was most unpropitious, but the little Unitarian Church was well filled, and not a sign of disapproval appeared in any way during an address of an hour and a half.

My stay in Toledo was made very pleasant to me, at the house of Mr. Richard Mott, brother of Mr. James Mott of Philadelphia. E. P. Bassett, Esq., counsellor at law, also rendered essential service in arranging for the lecture, besides showing me, personally, every polite attention. Both these gentlemen are Republicans in politics, but manhood is with them more than party, and *success* means only the triumph of right.

The immediate effect of our Western labors has been apparently excellent. In Indiana, Illinois and Michigan, the tone of public sentiment has been rising higher and higher ever since we began to sound the truths of our gospel. And the *people* are becoming tired of the slow advances of even their best men in Congress. To them, the multitude of them, not only "Concession" and "Compromise" are an abomination, but even "Peace Commissions" and Conferences, and especially the lingering farce of another National Convention are almost equally loathsome. Should Abraham Lincoln demand an army from the north-west to descend upon the Secessionists, and retake every military post, Custom House, and all other public property recently so piratically seized, it would soon sweep over the South in such a thunder storm as the tropics never yet have seen or felt. I tell you the people are roused. They are tired of waiting. Even Quakers buy rifles now (Progressive Friends such should be surely called), and many women, as well as men, are practising in their use. Even the President elect, in his progress towards Washington, finds it necessary to utter the most bold and uncompromising words, and finds the boldest the most loudly cheered. I trust he will not mistake the signs in the heavens, the earth, and under the earth. If, by listening to conservative and compromising counsels, he should inaugurate an administration on the Seward policy, or leaning towards the doctrines of Crittenden and Corwin, he will tie a millstone to his neck to sink himself and his administration in bottomless seas of infamy and oblivion. A leap downward from the Chicago platform will be a plunge into all the hells!

Cleveland has become an awful exception to the West. The late rendition case there has scarcely a parallel in diabolism since the world began. Republican rascality then and there shamed even Democracy into blushes of decency in many instances. You will hear more about that transaction ere long.

Very hastily yours, PARKER PILLSBURY.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE FUNDS OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

DEAR MR. JOHNSON: Will you kindly cause the Anniversary Subscription List to be enlarged and corrected as follows:

Mrs. Ellis Gray Loring	$40 00
A. W. Goddard, Esq., Brookline	5 00
J. J. May, Esq., Dorchester	15 64
F. Weis, Esq., "	2 00
Misses Ireson	
Mrs. and Miss Lockley	1 50
Miss Greele	1 00
"A Friend" by Mrs. Robbins	1 00

and oblige your friend, M. W. CHAPMAN.

THE DEMON OF SLAVERY.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE recent news by telegraph are startling enough, and must, one would think, arouse, if not astound, even the most stolid and recklessly indifferent. A Northern member of Congress murderously assailed by a gang of desperate assassins in the streets of Washington: The President elect of these United States obliged to fly incognito from Harrisburg in advance of his party to Washington, in order to escape almost certain assassination in Baltimore, in case of his appearing there according to the announcement! And, as it now seems, repeated attempts of a most desperate and diabolical character have been made against his life along the road since his departure from Springfield, attempts which, if successful, would have involved the almost certain destruction with him of the entire accompanying party! All this, and much more not here to be repeated, has been done at the instance, at the beck of slavery. These are among the fruits of that domestic institution, which the great Republican party, even, pledges itself eagerly and solemnly, in presence of the world, to respect and help, to the full extent of its power, to maintain inviolate against all assailants.

The lesson is in way of being fast taught, one would think, to the people of the North, that their rights are bound up in the same bundle with those of the despised slave, that in his fate and fearful inflictions and sufferings they too must share. Slavery hesitates at nothing; sticks at nothing; it smites down, slays and tramples under foot whatever stands, or is even conceived to stand in its way, be it Constitution, government, or even the highest Executive official himself. Abraham Lincoln stands to-day in the Federal Capital in imminent personal danger, not unlikely at any hour to fall by the hand of the assassin.

Is all this enough to rouse our countrymen to a sense of their own position—a sense, also, of the enormity, the uniform relentless cruelty, the unmixed and unmitigated atrocity of slavery? The utter futility, and worse than futility, of all attempted compromise and affiliation with it? Or must the admonition go deeper, come home closer; must the people see their President assassinated before their very eyes—their Representatives murdered or driven home at the point of the bayonet, and scenes of crime and fiendish atrocity enacted upon Northern men unparalleled and unapproached even in the horrid records of the late past, before either people or Representatives will wake to a sense of their condition, and fearful guilt and pressing responsibilities? Must the first born yet be slain in every house ere this nation will let the enslaved millions of the children of Israel in their midst go out free?

Or is the pusillanimity, cowardice and heartlessness so deep and utter, that no plummet of retributive visitation can sound it, and so every infliction from the lash of slavery be but the occasion for new sychopancy and suppliant surrender? If so, this Northern people *deserve* to be slaves, and *they shall surely reap their desert.* Humiliations, degradations and prostitutions unknown before, shall be exacted by the relentless tyranny. Personal liberty and life itself, for any one, shall be cheap and naught in presence of this oversweeping despotism. What say our countrymen of these States in this hour of fearful crisis and peril? Are they equal to their occasion? Gravest issues for weal or woe are bound up in the answer.

Syracuse, Feb. 25, 1861. M.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING AT GHENT.

GHENT, N. Y., Feb. 25, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

AN anti slavery meeting, the first of a series to be continued monthly throughout the year, was held here yesterday. The attendance, in view of the travel

Miscellaneous Department.

A COMFORTER.

WILL she come to me, little Effie—
Will she come in my arms to rest,
And nestle her head on my shoulder,
While the sun goes down in the west?

I and Effie will sit together,
All alone in this great arm chair:
Is it silly to mind it, darling,
When life is so hard to bear?

No one comforts me like my Effie,
Just I think that she does not try—
Only looks with a wistful wonder,
Why grown people should ever cry;

While her little soft arms close tighter
Round my neck in their clinging hold;
Well—I must not cry on your hair, dear,
For my tears might tarnish the gold.

I am tired of trying to read, dear;
It is worse to talk and seem gay:
There are some kinds of sorrow, Effie,
It is useless to thrust away.

Ah! advice may be wise, my darling,
But one always knows it before;
And the reasoning down one's sorrow
Seems to make one suffer the more.

But my Effie won't reason, will she?
Or endeavor to understand;
Only holds up her mouth to kiss me,
As she strokes my face with her hand.

If you break your plaything yourself, dear,
Don't you cry for it all the same?
I don't think it is such a comfort,
One has only one's self to blame.

People say things cannot be helped, dear,
But, then, that is the reason why;
For if things could be helped or altered,
One would never sit down to cry.

They say, too, that tears are quite useless,
To undo, amend, or restore—
When I think *how* useless, my Effie,
Then my tears only fall the more.

All to-day I struggled against it,
But that does not make sorrow cease,
And now, dear, it is such a blessing
To be able to cry in peace.

Though wise people would call that folly,
And remonstrate with grave surprise;
We won't mind what they say, my Effie,
We never professed to be wise.

But my comforter knows a lesson,
Wiser, truer than all the rest,
That to help and to heal a sorrow,
Love and silence are always best.

Well—who is my comforter?—tell me!
Effie smiles, but she will not speak,
Or look up through the long curled lashes
That are shading her rosy cheek.

Is she thinking of talking fishes,
The blue bird, or magical tree?
Perhaps I am thinking, my darling,
Of something that never can be.

You long—don't you, dear?—for the genii
Who were slaves of lamps and of rings;
And I—I am sometimes afraid, dear,
I want as impossible things.

But hark! there is nurse calling Effie;
It is bedtime, so run away;
And I must go back, or the others
Will be wondering why I stay.

So good night to my darling Effie;
Keep happy, sweetheart, and grow wise:
There's one kiss for her golden tresses
And two for her sleepy eyes.

—*Englishwoman's Journal.* A. A. P.

YEDDO, THE CAPITAL OF JAPAN.

Part of an article in The Edinburgh Review for January.

THE panorama of Yeddo is waiting, and our guide is secured—the horses are ready; and if our readers will use our glasses, we promise to be their cicerone through the capital, and faithfully to reproduce some of its more striking features.

Our way lies first along the edge of the bay under the bluff which fringes it, where the suburb of Sinagawa merges into the city, much as Kensington straggles into London. On the highest of the many hills which intersect the great valley of Yeddo is a temple of great celebrity or sanctity; the grounds around it are laid out with seats and arbors, the resort of the pleasure-loving Yeddites, and the resting places for the pilgrims who come to worship and pay their vows to the presiding deity; from this hill the finest view of the city and the bay is to be obtained. Towards the close of a chill and dreary afternoon in March last, a party of some twenty pilgrims, with the ancient palmer's scallop shell on their vests (a strange coincidence), weary and travel-stained, to all appearance, with a long day's journey, mounted the steep flight of granite steps which lead to the summit of *A-tang-o-Yama*, so called from the god *Atango*, whose temple is there. Having told the abbot they came, in performance of a vow, to spend the whole night in prayer before the great idol, and received the welcome due to such pious pilgrims, they were supplied by the attending damsels of the arbors with successive cups of the weakest tea, and had leisure, while smoking the never-failing diminutive pipe, to fix an eager gaze over the vast city which lay at their feet. If this was the first time their eyes had rested upon the bay of Yeddo and the city washed by its waves, it might well rivet their attention. In front, looking northwards, with a couple of miles of valley intervening, the range of hills occupied by the Tycoon's castle and the official quarter shuts out all beyond on that side. But in the valley, trending far back from the bay, with some undulating ground, are circles of continuous streets, interspersed with temples and their gardens, the imperial cemetery with its noble timber, and many Damios' residences *entre cour et jardin*, the Chesterfield House, or Lansdowne House of the capital of Japan. Some hundred of these princely residences are scattered over Yeddo, and grouped in clusters round the Tycoon's quarter, surrounded by trees and sometimes extensive parks. To the right and eastward, the wide bay, with its distant shores on the opposite side, scarce visible in the haze, extends many miles. Westward, another range of wooded hills, with temples and houses scattered down their flanks, shuts out and conceals from view a large and populous section of the city. Behind, to the south, houses and streets less compactly massed stretch on for more than a league without interruption, until they join the suburb already mentioned on the road to Kanagawa. In this direction the flags of the three Legations may sometimes be seen, but the French alone is on a hill, and easily traced from a distance.

Fair to look on is the capital of the Tycoon thus nestled in a broad valley, girdled with green woods and crowned by undulating hills, sloping with a gradual descent to the edge of a bay, into which the Southern Ocean seeks in vain to pour its stormy waters. Nature has barred the entrance, twenty miles below, with a breakwater of volcanic islands and verdant headlands on either side; and, to make it more secure, has shoaled the whole gulf, so that five miles from the city it is difficult to find anchorage for a vessel drawing twenty feet—the best of all defences against assault from without, whether the elements or a hostile fleet be the enemy! Nor are these eastern potentates at all ignorant of the fact; for when a proposal was made some time ago to the King of Siam to remove the bar at the mouth of the Menawe leading to Bangkok, his Majesty frankly replied: "If necessary, I would pay you to keep it there for the defence of my capital!" The government at Yeddo, not content with what nature has done, has raised five batteries; and since our first gunboats arrived with Lord Elgin, they have blocked up the only passage which existed between them having water enough to float even a gunboat. They are now busily engaged in erecting another battery, to carry the chain of fortifications still higher up the bay. They have no idea, therefore, of being found defenceless; and, in truth, of all cities situated on the edge of navigable water, there are few so unattackable by a naval force as Yeddo. Either the Japanese would seem to look forward to an attack as a contingency to which they have become unavoidably exposed since the treaties were signed with foreign powers, whom they little trust and like still less, or they have themselves some ulterior policy which they conclude will render collision sooner or later inevitable. If we are to judge from the evident efforts so perseveringly made to prepare for effective resistance, it is difficult to come to any other conclusion. Not only new batteries are erected at Yeddo and the port of Kanagawa below, but enough gunpowder is expended in musket and artillery practice, in the course of a few months, to supply an army during a whole campaign. So we learn from the best authority.

Having taken this general survey of the situation of the city, it is time to descend from the eyrie where our pilgrims chose to pass their night.

It is nine o'clock in the morning. The city is up and stirring. The shops are opened, and the streets are filling with a swarming population of rich and poor, busy and idle. The mounted officer, the street vender with his ambulatory stock, the halting beggar, all help to swell the tide of human life. We will not take the nearest road—broad and inviting as it looks, for that leads straight into the official or Damio's quarter, but we shall first make a circuit round and through the commercial wards. Even that will take us through park and garden-bordered roads, over undulating hills, high enough occasionally to give glimpses of the open country beyond, with rice ground, black and fallow, in the lower levels—the growing wheat of brightest green carpeting the uplands, the rape seed with its golden flowers, and everywhere unmistakable signs of skilled agricultural labor and wealth. In all seasons of the year, verdure and beauty of no common character clothe the hills, broken into a hundred winding vales for leagues on leagues around Yeddo, on all the land side; for, unlike its population, the country never lets itself be seen naked, and scarcely *en déshabille*, even when stripped barest of its foliage. A few trees lose their leaves entirely, and stretch their naked arms to a wintry sky; but, in close proximity, will always be seen some full-leafed evergreens, often noble trees, like the oak, of several varieties (some specimens of which are now in the Kew Gardens)—the cryptomeria, and a whole family of coniferæ, of pines, cedars, and cypress, the sombre foliage of which contrasts well with the lighter hue and graceful branches of the feathery bamboo, or the more stately palm. All are there to give marvellous beauty and variety to the scenery. In early spring there is a lavish display of blossoms, which supply the place of leaves yet in the bud, when leaves are none—the Magnolia with its large white or purple flowers: the Paulownia (so named by Siebold), with large branches of bell-shaped flowers like the fox glove, which begin to be well known in Europe; the Westeria, covering the porches of tea house and cottage, with a profusion of lilac blossoms hanging like bunches of grapes. A variety of flowering shrubs not yet seen in Europe fill the hedges, and sometimes scent the air, as well as gladden the eye; while acres of orchard ground are covered by pear, and peach, and plum blossoms, the branches trelliced horizontally overhead. The orange tree with its fragrant white blossoms is not wanting to grace the spring festival. In the tea gardens, scattered plentifully round the suburbs, the peach and the plum trees are cultivated chiefly with a view to the beauty of the blossom, which attains the size and fulness of a rose, and covers the tree in rich profusion. It is one of the great delights of the Japanese at Yeddo, during all April, to make picnics to these suburban gardens and temples. Groups of men, women and children, by families, may be seen trooping along the shady roads on their way to enjoy the beauty of the opening spring—the rich in norimons, the middle and lower classes on foot. But this Arcadian scene is often marred by intemperance. Not content with drinking in the freshness of the opening flowers, the men indulge in deep libations of *laki*; nor is this practice altogether confined, as one would fain have hoped, to the rougher sex, who make the streets unsafe on their return, especially to dogs and foreigners. They may be met in bands of two or three with reeling gait and flushed faces, and, now and then, those of the lower classes are stretched across the road, too drunk to go any further. In the vice of intemperance the Japanese have nothing to learn from foreigners. That, at least, cannot be laid to our charge. They are as much given to drunkenness as any of the northern races of Europe—are quite as quarrelsome as the worst, and far more dangerous in their cups, though Mr. Oliphant stated that during his visit not a drunken man was to be seen. These are drawbacks to the beauty of the landscape and the country lanes; but it must always be admitted in candor, that the same evils exist in Christian lands. Very fortunately our British drunkards do not carry two sharp swords in their belt, or feel it a point of honor to flesh them, if any convenient opportunity can be found. In other respects, both country roads and streets in the city of Yeddo will bear advantageous comparison with the best kept of either in the West. No squalid misery or accumulations of filth encumber the well-cared-for streets of Yeddo; a strange but pleasant contrast with every other Asiatic land, and not a few European cities. The occasional passage of a train of porters carrying open pails of liquid manure from the town to the fields, or a string of horses laden with the same precious but "perilous stuff" (carefully covered over in the latter case, however, in conical tubs), are not only the worst assaults made either on the olfactory or the visual organs, but the sole assailants—when once the eye is accustomed to the summer costume of the lower orders, which, with the men, is often reduced to a full suit of Tatoo with a narrow loin cloth, and the woman a petticoat, sadly curtailed in the breadths.

In the lower level of the valley of Yeddo, miles and leagues of continuous streets may be traversed, filled with a busy, but not overworked, and seemingly a very contented and good-humored people. Children and dogs abound everywhere. Until the former can walk, they are generally secured to the back of the mother, while these pursue their daily occupations, their arms thus left free. Unfortunately, so it seems to the lookers-on, the poor babe's head is left equally free, the body only being supported by the sort of pocket in which the infant is deposited, and, consequently, with every movement of the parental trunk, it rolls from side to side, swaying to and fro, as if a dislocation of the neck must inevitably be the result. Vain fears! The mothers know better. They have been nursed for twenty generations in precisely the same way. The babies themselves, by use, may grow to like it, and certainly rarely cry or give other token of dislike—what will not use reconcile us to in this life? But the mothers are not the sole guardians of the infant progeny. It is a very common sight, in the streets and shops of Yeddo, to see a little nude Cupid in the arms of a stalwart-looking father, nearly as nude, who walks about with his small burden, evidently handling it with all the gentleness and dexterity of a practised hand. It does not seem there is any need of a foundling hospital, nor has any intelligence reached us of infanticide, more or less common in China, especially of female children.

A good-humored and contented as well as a happy race are the Japanese, whatever may be their imperfections, with the one important exception, of the military, feudal, and official caste—classes we might say, but they are not easily separable: indeed, it seems doubtful whether there be a *civil* class, since all of a certain rank are armed with two formidable weapons projecting from their belt, swords, like everything else in Japan (to our worse confusion), being double! without much or obvious distinction between military and civil—between Tycoons', Officers', and Damios' retainers. These are the classes which furnish suitable types of that extinct species of the race in Europe, still remembered as "*Swashbucklers*," swaggering, blustering bullies, cowardly enough to strike an enemy in the back, or cut down an unarmed and inoffensive man. They are all entitled to the privilege of two swords, rank and file, and are saluted by the unprivileged (professional, mercantile, and agricultural) as "*Sama*," or lord. With a rolling straddle in his gait, reminding one of Mr. Kinglake's graphic description of the Janissary, due to the same cause, the heavy projecting blades at his waist, and the swaddling clothes round his body, the Japanese officer moves on in a very ungainly fashion, the hilts of his two swords at least a foot in advance of his person, very handy, to all appearance, for an enemy's grasp. One is a heavy, two-handed weapon, pointed and sharp as a razor; the other, short, like a Roman sword, and religiously kept in the same serviceable state. In the use of these he is no mean adept. He seldom requires a second thrust with the shorter weapon, but strikes home at a single thrust. When the British Minister's linguist was murdered at the gate of the Legation, in January last, by one of the Damio's followers, the assassin was seen, by some women and children standing near, to approach stealthily from behind, and, with one lunge, he pierced his victim through the stomach, leaving the sword buried to the hilt in his body, and the point projecting through his right breast. Such a fellow is a man to whom all peace-loving subjects and prudent people habitually give as wide a berth as they can! Often drunk, and always insolent, he is to be met with in the quarters of the town where the tea houses most abound, returning about dusk and later from his day's debauch with a red and bloated face, not over steady on his legs, the terror of all the unarmed population and street dogs. Happy for the former, when he is content with trying the edge of a new sword on the quadrupeds; and many a poor crippled animal is to be seen limping about slashed over the back, or with more permanent evidences of brutality. But, at other times, it is some coolie or inoffensive shopkeeper, who, coming unadvisedly between "the wind and his nobility," is just as mercilessly cut down at a blow.

But for this class of military retainers and Tycoon officials, high and low, both of which swarm in Yeddo, it seems it might be one of the pleasantest places of residence in the far East. The climate is superior to that of any other country east of the Cape. The capital itself, though spreading over a circuit of some twenty miles, with probably a couple of millions of inhabitants, can boast what no capital in Europe can—the most charming rides beginning even in its heart, and extending in every direction over wooded hills, through smiling valleys and shady lanes fringed with evergreens and magnificent timber. Even in the city, especially along the ramparts of the official quarter, and in many woods and avenues leading thence to the country, broad, green slopes, and temple gardens, or well-timbered parks gladden the eye, as it is nowhere else gladdened within the circle of a city. No sooner is a suburb gained, in any direction, than hedgerows appear, which only England can rival either for beauty or neatness; while over all an eastern sun, through the greater part of the year, throws a flood of light from an unclouded sky, making the deepest shadow of the overarching trees doubly grateful from its coolness, accompanied, as it is, by endless pictures of arabasque tracery, both above and below. Such is Yeddo and its environs in the long summer time, and far into a late autumn; even through the early winter months, until about the middle of February, when the weather breaks with rain and snow, and easterly winds swelling into gales of two and three days' duration succeed, full of danger to ships on the rock-bound coast and stormy seas still unsurveyed.

Such, no doubt, must Yeddo have been, looking its best and gayest, when its temple and castle-crowned hills first greeted the eyes of Lord Elgin and his suite. And so Messrs. Osborne and Oliphant have painted it for us in its gala dress, all nature contributing to make it bright. The ministers of the dead Tycoon (for dead he was while the treaty was being negotiated), too happy to terminate a negotiation which could alone rid them of their self-invited and most unwelcome guests, who had arrived in the midst of a palace revolution, "smiled and smirked" and "made things pleasant" as they best could: but it may well be doubted whether any treaty with Japan, under present circumstances, could possibly be devised to establish a foreign trade and diplomatic relations that would not be utterly distasteful to the ruling class, and exposed to the dangers now attending the execution of the engagements already signed and ratified.

We have given a glimpse of Yeddo as it may be seen on a bright summer day; but it is not all sunshine in the capital of the Tycoon. Tempests from above, and volcanic throes from below, from time to time, give it a very different aspect.

There is a winter in Japan; less severe in the capital than in the north and opposite coast of China; still, a very unmistakable winter with ice and snow, while at Hakodadi, in the northernmost island of the group, it is almost Siberian, with long continued and heavy falls of snow, the thermometer standing many degrees below zero. The country at Yeddo seldom, indeed, puts on a winter garb: it is in the streets the principal change occurs, for, as nature throws off her mantle, her children put on theirs; and the Japanese heap wadded gown on gown, until they get the required warmth, with a notable increase of bulk. A chafing dish with a handful of charcoal let into the floor (like the Spanish *brasero*), being the only fire they use in their houses for purposes of warmth, they naturally resort to clothing. The men in the streets seem, above all, careful of their *nose ends*, and on a cold day two-thirds of the population are to be seen with all the lower part of their faces concealed by the folds of a blue cotton muffler tied round the head, from under which nothing but a pair of eyes can be recognized. And when the wearer carries a couple of deadly weapons at his waist, and moves with a menacing gait, it is difficult to conceive a more assassin-like figure; immediately suggesting a masked bravo whom it would be unpleasant to meet in a lone place on a dark night; and, in effect, murders and highway robberies appear to be very frequent. The fronts of the houses and shops, too, are less open to the street than when the sun sheds light and heat into their farthest corners; and with such sinister-looking figures everywhere meeting the eye, the whole city puts on something of the aspect of a beleaguered town peopled only by soldiers or armed men, bent on desperate work. If this be the impression conveyed by the narrow streets and crowded thoroughfares of the commercial quarters, it is still further suggested on emerging from these into the Damios' quarter, circling between broad moats round the Tycoon's castle. Here are five open spaces—great causeways or glacis, not less than fifty feet in width, lined on one side with the outer buildings and great massive-looking gateways of the Damios' residences and high officers in the employment of the government; and on the other by the land and deep moats fed by tributary rivers, in which, at this season of the year, thousands of wild fowl live undisturbed. It being death to molest or shoot at them, they are so secure that it is almost impossible to get them up; but if for a moment they are startled, they rise like a dark cloud from the water, in immense numbers. In the more shallow parts the sacred ibis of Egypt solemnly picks his way and his food, enjoying, as an emblem of happiness and longevity with the Japanese, quite as much sanctity as in the land of the Pharaohs. With the agriculturist also the whole race of storks, cranes, and paddy birds, of which there are great numbers, are in much favor for their utilitarian qualities; and they may often be seen in twos and threes following the plough, with the greatest regularity and gravity, close at the heels of the peasant, picking the worms out of the fresh-turned earth, and making their morning meal equally to his advantage and their own.

These moats, like the causeways which serve as glacis, are wide, with a depth of some thirty feet or more; in many places massive walls, and in others green, sloping banks, rise in steep lines from the water's edge. These are admirably laid in turf, and beautifully kept—smooth as any gentleman's lawn in England, and always green—surmounted at the top by a rampart wall of blocks of granite, laid on each other in polygons and irregular lines without mortar, the better to meet the shocks of continual earthquakes, by allowing a certain latitude of motion without fracture or serious displacement. From many of these steep green banks fine cypresses and cedars rise up perpendicularly, nearly to the level of the parapets; an innovation on our ideas of defensive works, rather detrimental to their security, but singularly conducive to their beauty. But strong and almost impregnable as these triple lines of bastion, rampart, and moat appear at their first aspect, they have evidently been constructed in ignorance of some of the first principles of the engineer's art as regards military defence. The ramparts present salient angles in all directions, from which the whole might be raked, and their defenders swept away by a few discharges of artillery. But, curious to say, although so evidently built at a vast expense *for defence*, not a single piece of ordnance is anywhere to be seen within the official quarter. Each moat is crossed at three or four points in the circle by solidly-built timber bridges, flanked by high massive gateways and bastions, with Cyclopian blocks of granite, and copper-sheathed and clamped gates of great strength; but nothing in the shape of a drawbridge exists.

As the whole of this quarter of the city occupies the crowns of a small range of hills projecting across the valley, and dividing it in two, covering an area probably of some five miles in circumference, it offers many commanding sites and fine sweeps of landscape. First, the line of broad causeway with the green banks of the moat, and the quaint architecture of the Damios' gateways, with groups of figures on horse and foot for the foreground. Then a Damio and his escort, with umbrella and standards, norimons and led horses, or some more modest officer of Tycoon or feudal prince, in his costume of ceremony, with projecting wings of gauze (not like an angel's), gravely and solemnly, as is their wont, proceeding to their destination, perched on the top of a break-neck saddle, his bridle of silken folds in both hands, and a groom at each side to catch him if he should fall, and two more to lead the impetuous animal. Further on, scattered here and there, would be similar groups on foot, and a certain proportion of *valetaille* and feudal retainers of all ranks. These give life-and interest to a foreground of grand proportions and bold outline, while beyond, and on a much lower level, glimpses of the city appear stretching away to the blue waters of the bay, covered with fantastically-rigged boats and junks. No capital in Europe presents so many striking features of a type altogether peculiar; nor, upon the whole, can any boast of so much beauty in the site and the surrounding country, and this for leagues in every direction. And probably no other capital would prove so difficult to occupy by an enemy, unless his army rivalled the invading force of Xerxes in number. We are told that the official quarter alone, with the Tycoon's castle in the centre, which is the key of the whole position, could not be occupied with safety, or be defended, by less than a hundred thousand men, so vast is the area it covers. Probably, the Japanese may themselves have come to this conclusion also; and thus determined they might dispense with armed batteries round their inner ramparts. This capital of the Japanese metropolis, in which armed men and troops of officers have their quarters, seems, indeed, rather for show than any thought of defensive operations, except, perhaps, in cases of internal feuds or insurrections, such as their history seems to say have never occurred since the strong arm and determined will of Tailco Lama reduced the boldest to subjection. The same Tycoon who exterminated Christianity, now more than two centuries ago, broke the power of the greatest feudal houses, and shivered them into fragments, reducing all to smaller dimensions, and the power of each to less dangerous proportions, in rivalry with his own and that of his descendants.

VICTOR HUGO AND JOHN BROWN.—The correspondent of a Belgian paper publishes the following letter, addressed by Victor Hugo to M. Chenay, an engraver, who has undertaken to publish engravings of M. Hugo's pen-and-ink sketch of the late John Brown:

"HAUTEVILLE HOUSE, Jan. 21.

"DEAR M. CHENAY: You have desired to engrave my design of 'John Brown'—you desire now to publish it. I consent to that, and add that I believe it useful. John Brown is a hero and a martyr. His death was a crime. His gibbet is a cross. You remember that I had written at the foot of the design, *Pro Christo sicut Christus*.

"When, on the 2d December, 1859, with a profound grief, I announced to America the rupture of the Union as the consequence of the assassination of John Brown, I did not think that the event would so closely follow my word. At the present moment all that was in the scaffold of John Brown comes forth; the fatalities latent there a year are now visible, and we may now consider as consummated the rupture of the American Union—great misfortune! and the abolition of slavery—immense progress!

"Let us, then, set forth, under the eyes of all, as an ensign, the gibbet of Charlestown, point of departure of these strange events.

"My design, reproduced by your fine talent with a striking fidelity, has no other value than that name, John Brown—a name which must be incessantly repeated to the Republicans of America, that it may bring them to their duty, and to the slaves, that it may call them to freedom."

THE STORY OF JOHN ANDERSON.

From The Toronto Globe.

JOHN ANDERSON was born in the year 1831, in Howard County, State of Missouri. His mother was the slave of one Burton, a carpenter, who lived on a small farm near Fayette. His father, who was almost white, served as a steward on board a steamer which sailed on the Missouri, but made his escape to South America while Anderson was yet young. His mother remained with Burton till Anderson was seven years old, when she and her master had a quarrel. Young Anderson was "raised" by Mrs. Burton, of whom he speaks highly. He was brought up on the farm, and in process of time gained such a knowledge of farming that he undertook its management. Tobacco, wheat, and corn are the principal crops in that part of Missouri, and a sufficient quantity of stock is kept by every farmer.

Anderson acquired great proficiency in running, jumping, and other athletic amusements usually practised by the slaves in the evening, which afterwards proved of great service to him. The slaves are allowed a week's holiday at Christmas, which, from Anderson's account, they seem to spend pleasantly. During this holiday season, they frequently met in the evenings to sing and dance. Anderson, however, never delighted in dancing, not thinking it a proper amusement. Many of the slaves grew tobacco, etc., on their own account, and in this way some acquired sufficient means to purchase their freedom.

Anderson is a Free-will Baptist by profession, and was a regular attendant on the services of that denomination. He never heard any ministers denouncing slavery. Any who would do so would not be allowed to preach. When about twenty years of age he was married by a Free-will Baptist minister to a slave, the property of one Brown, who resided two miles from Burton's. After Mrs. Burton's death, Burton and Anderson had a dispute, which ended in his being sold to one McDonald, who lived in Glasgow, thirty miles from Fayette. Being thus separated from his wife, Anderson was much discontented, and from this time he watched for an opportunity to make his escape to Canada, of which he had frequently thought before. McDonald, who was a harder taskmaster than Burton, to prevent Anderson from going to see his wife, selected one for him from among his own slaves; but Anderson would not become a party to so dishonorable an arrangement. For his wife he always entertained great affection.

In September, 1853, when he had been about two months with McDonald, he made his escape. McDonald was at the church, investigating a case of a slave having been whipped to death, when Anderson rode off on one of his master's mules to a branch of the Missouri, at a point where there was a ferry. The ferryman being under orders to prevent all slaves who had no passes from crossing, asked Anderson for his pass. Anderson replied that he did not require one, but the ferryman would not allow him to go over. Riding back with the mule into the woods, he remained there till it was evening, when he returned to the river. He was on the point of seizing a boat that was lying on the bank, when some one appearing, he was compelled to retreat into the woods, where he lay till within two hours of daybreak. He then ventured once more to the bank, and found a skiff without oars, lying by the river. He supplied himself with a piece of bark, and using this as a paddle, he got across the stream. He had now for the first time been in a boat. He then repaired to the house of his father-in-law, who was a freeman and a barber by trade, and from him he obtained some refreshment. His father-in-law being told that he was on his way to Canada, offered Anderson a pistol, which he refused. He next visited his wife and child, and affectionately bidding them farewell, he went on his way, determined to obtain his freedom, which from his youth up he seems to have considered his inherent birthright. He had formed the resolve to sacrifice his liberty only with his life.

It was about noon on the second day after his leaving McDonald, that a man named Digges met him and asked him for his pass. When Anderson said he had no pass, Digges, with his slaves, chased him, and in the conflict that ensued Digges was wounded and Anderson escaped uninjured. About a week after his adventure with Digges, Anderson found shelter for the night in a barn, where he met a colored boy, from whom he purchased some provisions. This boy told him that his sister had been sold by his master about a week before. At this Anderson's generous heart was moved, and by way of retaliation he determined to run away with one of the horses. But while he was endeavoring to carry out his purpose, the farmer mounted his horse and pursued Anderson, who escaped to a field where the man could not reach him. Anderson, however, was fired at, but sustained no damage. He usually travelled by night, and got what rest he could by day. He suffered much from want of food, sometimes not tasting any for several days, and often he had to content himself with corn, hazel nuts, pawpaws or raw potatoes. A dollar and a half was all the money he had when he started on his perilous journey, and of this he never spent any except when compelled to do so by extreme hunger.

One day, while resting himself by the wayside, a man on horseback rode up and attempted to capture him, but Anderson fled to a neighboring field and found protection among the stalks of corn. In the evening he came back to the public road and observed a fire in the woods not far distant. Imagining that some people were engaged husking corn, he went to the spot, and discovered that the man who had attempted to catch him during the day was lying in wait. Seeing at once that this was one of the numerous expedients resorted to by slave pursuers, he took to flight, and afterwards carefully avoided falling into any such traps.

Impelled by necessity to resort to any expedient to satisfy the cravings of hunger, he one day entered a farm house by the kitchen door, and finding some salt that was at hand he put it in his pocket and walked out, meeting none of the inmates. He next came to a farm-yard, where he captured three chickens and then repaired to the woods that were close by. Lighting a fire, he cooked two of them, but had scarcely finished the second when he heard some footsteps, and naturally thinking that the owner of the chickens was in pursuit of him, he made his way out of the woods with the other chicken in his hand as soon as possible. This chicken served him for two days. Near Mississippi village he met with a colored man and gave him ten cents to buy some crackers for him. This man, in whom Anderson placed little confidence, after some delay brought him the crackers, which he greedily devoured. He crossed the Mississippi by night, using for that purpose a boat which he found near the river, and keeping clear of the ferry for fear of detection. It was now Saturday night, and about two weeks since he had left McDonald, and he had reached the free State of Illinois; but, from the attempts made to capture him in this State, he was convinced that he was almost in as much danger there as he had been in Missouri.

On Sunday night he went into the house of a white man, an Englishman, who gave him a good supper and a bed. He was prevented from sleeping for some time, having his suspicions excited by a gun which he saw in the room, thinking it might be used for overcoming such subjects as himself. As yet he reposed no confidence in any man, and distrusted equally all he saw. Weariness at last overcame his terror, and on waking in the morning he found himself much refreshed. His entertainer lent him a razor, by which he was enabled to indulge in the luxury of a shave. Having got breakfast, and after the good-hearted Englishman had prevailed on him to take some bread and apples in his pocket, John again set out with renewed strength and spirits. He soon met some men on horseback who asked him for his pass, but he pretended to be free. The men, disbelieving him, pursued, but Anderson was too expert for them and made his escape to a hill, the women calling out as he passed. In the evening he found himself by a small river, where he saw a canoe sunk. Seeing a dog some distance before him, he retreated into the woods, and struck another river. He there observed a boat crossing, but being afraid that his liberty might be endangered if he attempted to pass that way, he went back again into the bush. Having by this time consumed what the Englishman had given him, and having a keen appetite, he made an attempt to capture some chickens, but was unsuccessful. He came upon a white man's house, into which he entered and pretended he had lost his way. Here he got his breakfast, and bought a loaf of bread from the housewife for ten cents. The farmer promised to direct him; but when they were but a few yards from the house, Anderson, perceiving the man was leading him back, and seeing his sons some distance before him, took to flight. After two days, he struck a branch of the Illinois river, which he crossed, and after proceeding some distance he came to a railway track, with the use of which he was acquainted. He next came to Bloomington, where he obtained some provisions. He availed himself of the railway track for a short distance north of Bloomington. Confused and bewildered, he met a man who promised him a ride if he would help him with his cow. Anderson consented to do so, and rode with this man to a certain village, when he was requested to leave. After leaving the village, Anderson again encountered him and accompanied him, notwithstanding his attempt to shun him. At this man's house he got his supper and a bed, and started early next morning before breakfast. Through some villages which he passed every one looked on him as a curiosity on account of his travel-stained condition—the children running to the doors to stare at him. In one farm house which he entered he had purchased a loaf of bread, when a man came in, at whom Anderson took fright and ran out, the housewife after him, calling that he had better pay her the ten cents, which he did while standing over the fence after he had collected himself. Overtaking some teams that were on the road to Rock Island, he got on one of them and reached that city by daylight. Here he hired himself to a barber, though he was quite uninstructed in the art of shaving. Remaining in that city two days, he went to Chicago, the Abolition Society paying his fare. It is pleasing to note the existence, so near the seat the slavery, of such a Society, always ready to assist the oppressed in asserting their freedom. In Chicago he lived with a barber, but remained there only three weeks, when he left for Windsor, being advised by his master to do so. During his stay in Windsor, where he got employment as a laborer, he wrote twice to his wife, but he suspects the letters were opened. A reply was received stating that his wife was in Detroit, and asking him to go over for her. This letter was probably penned by some slave-catcher. Anderson submitted the matter to a friend, who told him not to comply with the request, for there was likely some evil lurking under it. It was about the beginning of November, 1853, when he reached Windsor, about six weeks after he had made his escape from his master in Missouri. He worked as a plasterer at Hamilton and Caledonia, and, at the time of his arrest by Mathews, was engaged making maple sugar. After being discharged, he went to Simcoe, where he was again arrested and brought before Mathews, who thought that now he "had the evidence against him nicely fixed up." Anderson says, "he never knew that there was *so much law* in the world as he has found in Canada."

He can read very little, but cannot write. When about sixteen years of age he got a spelling book, the only book he ever had while in slavery, but did not make use of it. He is a man of great muscular strength, and of a determined, but kind disposition.

THE YANKEE PEDDLER AND THE SOUTHERNER.

THE following conversation took place on the cars of the New Haven Railroad, shortly after the November election. One of the speakers was a peculiar looking man, with a thin, pale face, thin lips, sharp black eyes, a quantity of long black and gray hair hanging from his chin and around his mouth, and also about his ears and behind a slouched black felt hat—evidently a character. He held a little parcel in his hand, wrapped in brown paper. The other person, who sat a few seats ahead on the other side of the car, was a snug built, well dressed, good looking man.

Just after emerging from the tunnel at 42d street, "A.," the first named, got up and went to "B.," the second, and putting his leg over the arm of the seat, planting a good large foot with a coarse boot on it on the cushion, thus commenced:

A.—Good morning, captain; how are you?

B.—Very well; how are you?

A.—Tolerable. Been down South?

B.—Yes.

A.—Going home?

B.—Yes.

A.—Going down again this winter?

B.—Yes, if the d—d Abolitionists don't kick up such a bobbery that it won't be pleasant.

A.—I guess they won't. (Opening his bundle, he showed the captain a small imitation bronze head.) Captain, that's a fine head; you don't see one such in a thousand. That's a great head.

B.—Whose is it?

A.—Why, that's the likeness of John Brown. A great man he was.

B.—He got hung, didn't he?

A.—Wall, yes, but that don't argue anything agin him; a great many good men get hung; the first straight-forad men in a cause, like John Brown, are apt to get hung. Benedict Arnold didn't get, though I suppose you'd allow he ought to; no, it's you're honest men in a good cause that's apt to get hung. Traitors and such like generally employ a good smart lawyer, like Judge Roosevelt, Caleb Cushing, or Rufus Choate (though he's dead now), and they generally get clear, 'specially if there's a nigger in the case.

B.—Do you know what I'd do if you brought that thing into my store to sell?

A.—No; what would you?

B.—If you didn't go out quick I'd kick you.

A.—Would you? I wouldn't come, then; but it's a great head, captain.

B.—Why don't you go down South and talk so?

A.—When I hunt such varmints, I hunt with a long gun and coarse shot.

B.—If you did go, they would kill you in less than twenty-four hours. The slaves themselves would kill you.

A.—I don't doubt they might, if they are as degraded as some of their masters. I don't doubt a slave might get so degraded by association that he'd kill a man that came to set him free.

B.—I'd sooner live down there than among you d—d Abolitionists.

A.—I've no sort of objections, if you like it, but I'd rather stay here. Perhaps you'd like to work on a rice plantation for your victuals and clothes, and throw in all the children you could raise?

B.—White men can't work on the rice plantations; none but niggers can do it.

A.—Well, I hold that if there is a place on God Almighty's airth that's so bad that a white man can't live there, and a nigger is willing to work there, *he is entitled to a dollar a day at least*, and to own all the children he can raise in such a cussed place. I want to see a change about now and then; I want the masters to stay at home and raise cotton in the summer, and let their slaves go to Saratoga Springs, say once in seven years. I think they'd work the better for it.

B.—The niggers are a great deal better off as slaves. It would be better for them all to be there; and they'd all be contented, if it wasn't for the Abolitionists.

A.—May be they would, but they don't seem to want to go back much when they get away. There was a real likely chap got up in our village, somehow or other, the other day, and there was a parcel of fellows holding your opinion—kind of Charles O'Conor men; so they got track on him, and they concluded he'd be so much better they'd catch him and send him back; they didn't expect any reward, of course. Well, he saw they were after him, and he started for the meetin'-house, thinking they wouldn't go into the meetin'-house, even to catch a nigger; but he was mistaken; they weren't loafers, they were go-to-meetin' folks, and they knew the meetin'-house better than he did, and in they went close to his heels; he didn't know which way to go, so up stairs he went, and they after him, and when he found they had him he made a pitch head-foremost right through the window, glass, sash and all, and down he went about twenty feet; but somehow he lit on his feet, and he made tracks; some cut round the face, of course. Well, they didn't like to follow him through that window, no more than the British did old Put. down them rocks near Stamford; so down they came to the door to renew the chase, but I happened to arrive just then with my fellows. Hallo, says I, what's the matter? We're after that runaway nigger, says they. He don't seem to want to go back much, says I. Just show me your warrant for catching him, says I, cause you see, says I, there's more of us than there is of you, and I've a notion that we've just as good a right to keep you in the station-house without a warrant as you have to catch that nigger without one. Well, they had no warrant, and I calculate that feller is safe in Canada now. Good-bye, captain, sorry to leave you, but got to stop here. That's a great head, though, captain!"—*Evening Post.*

LESLIE'S FRIENDS.

"I HAVE known people," Leslie in one place writes, "who I fancied would not be quite satisfied with heaven itself, if they should ever come there." He was not himself of this class. He had no desire to turn exclusively to the dark side, to dwell upon faults and foibles, or to waste life in unreasonable complaints. It was this disposition which, added to his fine tastes and agreeable manners, made him a delightful companion. He threw sunshine over the path of others, and he enjoyed the sunshine himself. The delineation he gives us of his friends—many of them men of distinction—is most graphic. An eye like his could see quickly enough the failings of men. With his keen sense of the ludicrous, and his deep love for humor, few weaknesses or follies could escape his observation; but these were not the things upon which he loved to expatiate. He believed that friends were given for a better use than to be made the objects of censure and ridicule. If, therefore, there is nothing which can be said kindly, he says nothing; but as it happens (fortunately for us, as well as for himself), there is much which he could write, and which all can read, with unmingled satisfaction. Yet he deals not in fulsome panegyric. Far from it; he shows habitual discrimination. Every character upon which he dwells is both natural and individual. Through his lifelike descriptions, his friends become our friends.

We feel that we know Constable, with his purity of taste, and firm, yet gentle nature; Fuseli, with his impetuosity, shrewdness and wit; Flaxman, kind and scrupulously polite; Wilkie, modest and cautious, always